INTERNATIONAL

# club

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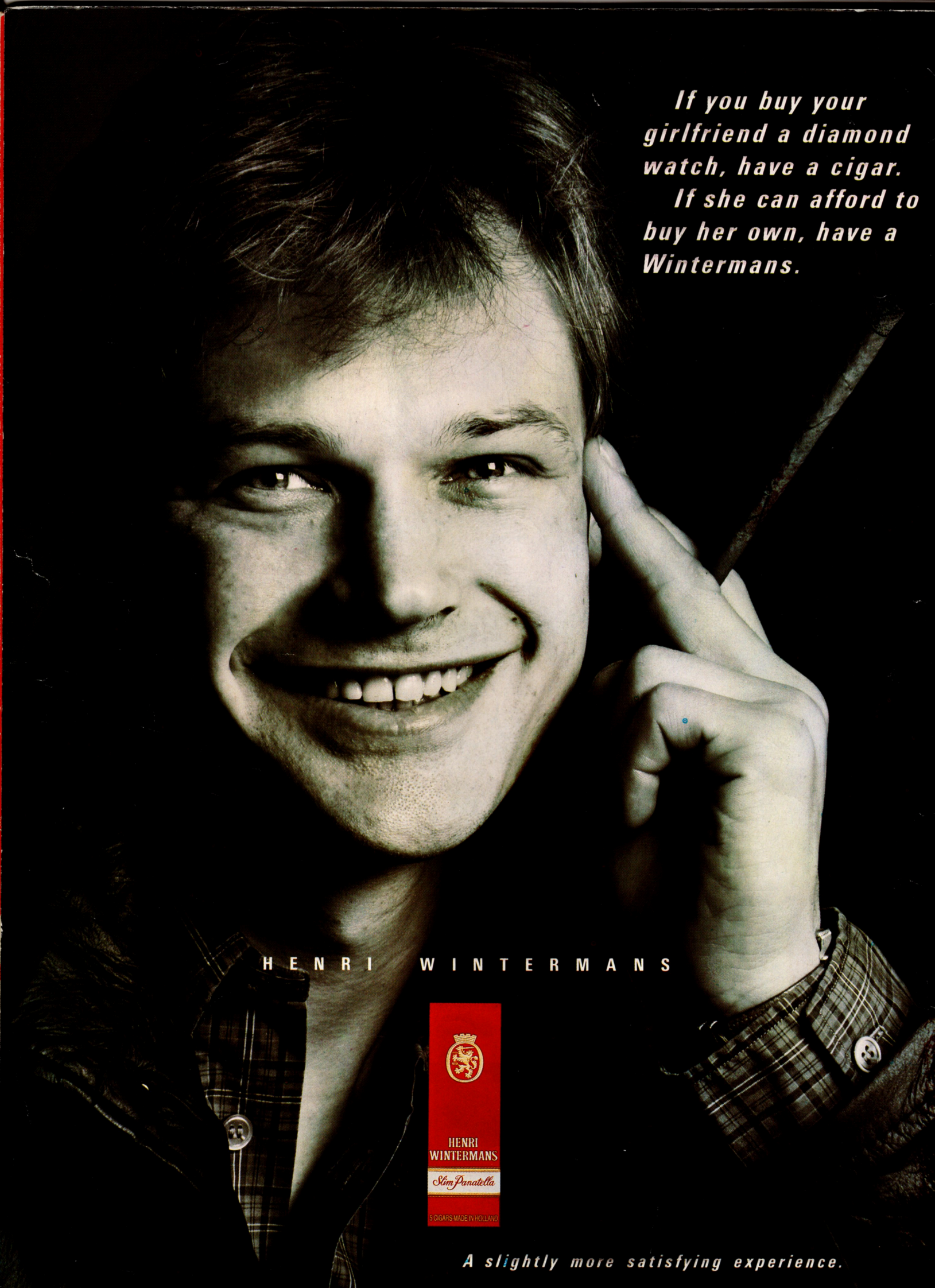
## HOT STUFF IN THE JUNGLE WITH SHEREE

## LINZI AND ANGEL IN TANDEM

## HURRICANE HIGGINS EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW


If you buy your girlfriend a diamond watch, have a cigar.
If she can afford to buy her own, have a Wintermans.
HENRI WINTERMANS
HENRI WINTERMANS
Slim Panatella
5 CIGARS MADE IN HOLLAND
A slightly more satisfying experience.

CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume 15: Number 13: Price £1.50

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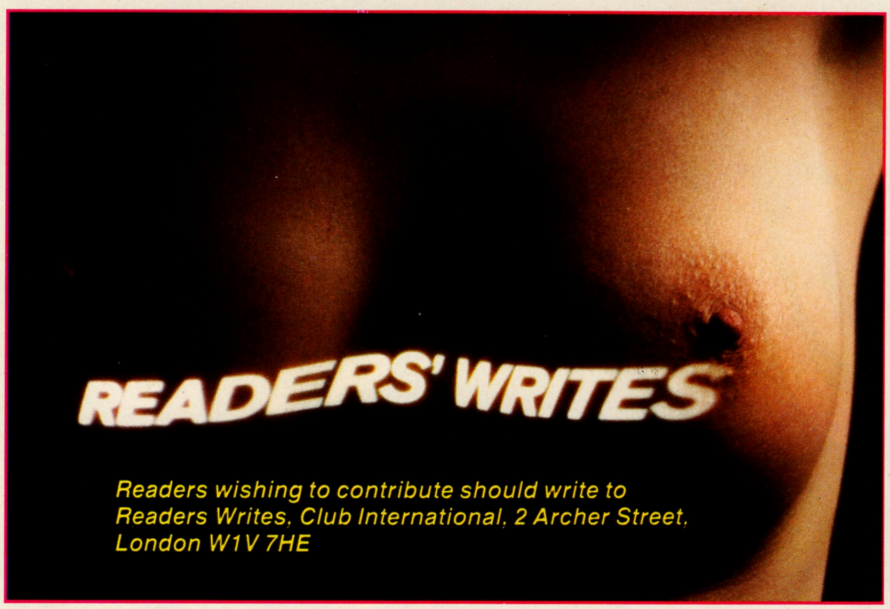


# READERS' WRITES

*Readers wishing to contribute should write to Readers Writes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE*

## Party Piece

I'd like to tell you and your readers what happened to me the other day. I'm 21, five feet seven, with long, blonde hair and a 35-23-34 figure. My motto is *if you've got it flaunt it*; so to show off my well-formed body to the fullest, I like wearing tight skirts and dresses.

My boyfriend, Tony, invited me to a party at one of his friend's houses. On the night of the party, I dressed myself up in my favourite clothes – low-cut blouse, short skirt and fishnet stockings.

When we reached the house, the party was in full swing. Drink was flowing by the gallon, and we were all eventually very relaxed and intoxicated. I didn't see Tony again that evening, but I didn't bother too much about where he had gone.

Going upstairs to visit the bathroom, I passed a bedroom with the door partly open and a light shining through. I heard voices and groaning sounds coming from inside. On my way back, my curiosity aroused, I peeked around the bedroom door and observed two half-naked women, about the same age as me, being fucked out of their senses by three rather handsome men. The women, moaning with pleasure, were clearly enjoying themselves.

Watching all this made me feel excited, and I wished I could be in the girls' shoes. Then one of the men spotted me and came over to the door. He stretched out his hand to me, and I gladly took it. My wish, it seemed, was about to be answered. I recognized the man as the birthday boy himself – Gary.

I lay down on the carpet and pulled him on to me. He unbuttoned my shirt and pulled my breasts out of my bra, groping them all the while. He kissed me hard on my open mouth, probing his tongue over mine. I couldn't believe this was happening to me.

As we kissed, I felt another pair of hands roaming my lower half. I felt them hurriedly push up my already rising skirt and pull off my silk knickers. I felt fingers rubbing against my pink pussy lips; this caused me to gasp and tremble, and something I had never felt before stirred deep within me.

Meanwhile, Gary peeled off his trousers and pants to reveal an erection the size of which I'm sure I'll never see again. As he was doing this, it gave me enough time to see who the other guy was, but I didn't recognize him. When *he* undressed, I noticed his member was somewhat shorter than Gary's – maybe seven inches.

The other man started licking my cunt, and I yelped when his tongue found my clitty. The odd feeling inside me suddenly became stronger. I ground my hips against his head and face and came with a loud moan, my juices running out to greet him. He lapped up my come as best he could, and got up.

The men exchanged places, and the one who had just made me come straddled my neck. His hairy balls dangled above my chin as his cock expanded even more over my face. My mouth watered at the sight, although I was still a little apprehensive. But I just had to have that piece of meat in my mouth, and my prayers were answered when he lowered his sticky, sex-smelling cock head into my mouth.

But there was no way whatsoever I was going to have his spunk down my throat – I wasn't having that. My lips closed around the shaft as my tongue tingled at the touch of his salty weapon.

Meanwhile, Gary opened my stocking-clad legs even wider, and brought my knees up. I sucked hard, swallowing my own saliva as it swirled around the stranger's cock, his balls resting over the tip of my chin.

Gary suddenly shoved several of his thick inches up my tight cunt, catching me off guard. This caused me to suck even harder on the cock I was drooling on. Gary squeezed what remained of his extra-large cock up my lubricated passage, and I felt well and truly stuffed at both ends. This was absolute heaven for me.

Gary's cock felt enormous as it sank to what seemed the very depths of my pussy. I orgasmed uncontrollably, drenching his monster cock, then carried on with my quickening sucking and humping. I felt the stranger begin to tense up, and knew he was about to shoot his load.

I quickly tried to push him away. But he had other plans and was determined to see them through. He held my head in his hands and grunted as he came. Then, for the first time in my life, I was drinking spunk. His frothy sperm filled my mouth, and I had to swallow. His spunk tasted surprisingly good as I hungrily gulped the stuff down. I was amazed at its rich, tangy taste.

Then Gary came. He exploded up my burning pussy, pumping his hot sperm deep inside my overstretched cunt hole. I revelled in the amazing sensation which was enveloping me all over.

My advice to any female readers who have their doubts about sucking a man off is quite simple . . . don't (have any doubts, that is).

*Julie, Nottingham*

## In Synch

Sorry to bring the subject of women's feet up again – I know correspondence on this subject has been going on for some time now. But lovers of all things pedal (pertaining to the female, that is) were given a recent treat which was unsurpassed in its ability to provide titillation, albeit unintentionally.

I'm talking, of course, about the Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh last summer, which featured – for the first time – the sport of synchronized swimming. Did you see it? If you didn't, it was your loss. Most female athletes, swimmers, etc, are usually well worth a look under any circumstances, and it was purely for this reason that I looked in on the synchronized swimming, which otherwise held no appeal.

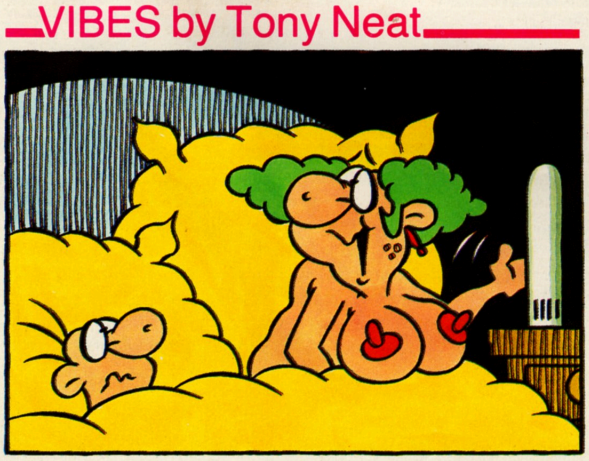
But imagine my complete and total astonishment, as a lifelong foot man, when these very shapely girls, in turn, dived gracefully into the pool and gave us a routine which mainly consisted of them being head-first in the water, showing nothing above the surface except their shapely calves and feet . . . their delicious, smooth, taut, arched feet!

And I'll swear the BBC cameraman covering this event must have had a similar passion to myself, because the amount of detailed, close-up footage (pardon the pun) was a joy to behold – those soft, fleshy soles, the perfectly-formed toes, the shiny, wet arches. Fuckin' amazing, man.

It goes without saying that, throughout the competition, I

*continued on page 6*

## VIBES by Tony Neat



*Try to stay awake, George – if my battery runs out, I may need you as a back-up!*

## SARAH

Regular cheapskates, some pe
ple. Take the Club staffman wh
arranged the shoot, for exampl
He took his expenses upfron
ostensibly to whisk the delightf
Sarah here down to Cannes, cha
ter a boat, and arrange for th
photographer to take pics of h
swanning around the Med in va
ous states of undress. So wh
does he do? Pockets the chart
fee, waits till the skipper bugge
off for lunch, coaxes Sarah aboa
*La Saucy Sal*, and watches as
reels of 35mm are run off in
minutes flat, without so much as
by-your-leave, never mind a
anchors-aweigh. Or so claims 2
year-old Sarah, formerly a leisu
centre manageress from Wels
pool, Glam. (emphasis on th
"glam"). But why snitch on th
guy? After all, we at Club a
renowned for our shrewd opera
ing, and so long as we deliver th
goods . . . "Yes, but it was the wa
he ransacked the guy's fridge an
helped himself to his booze th
upset me," explains Miss Inte
rity. "I felt so sorry for th
captain, I waited until he returne
and offered to pay for the missin
goods. He refused, naturally
which is more than I did when h
invited me to sail with him t
Morocco. Minus the photographe
and your chap, of course . . .
Bitchy old business, this modellin
lark! **See page 75 for how we – an
Sarah – delivered the goods!**

# Girl Talk

**This is the page where we try and put words to the pictures – sketch in the background, so to speak. It isn't always easy – what's in the foreground often seems to monopolize our readers' attention. Still, if you are interested in the mind as well as the body, read on . . .**

## JUDY

My, what a pretty pair! As indeed Judy's set gets prettier, the more you look at it. Surely, then, this super new arrival at Club must have an interesting background? More Paradise than Luton Airport, without a doubt! We collared her after the shoot, just as she was about to slip away into the rush-hour throng of Shaftesbury Avenue: "Background bio?" she echoed, bemused, and just a little edgy. "I'm just a model." We persevered. *Jobs? Boyfriends? Sexual preferences? Pets? Girlfriends?* "Well, I'm 23 years old and I live with my boyfriend in Streatham, if you must know," said Judy, standing in the foyer in her painted-on black leather mini-skirt. "And I model because I need the money. I watch *EastEnders*, I drink white wine spritzers, my boyfriend's a minicab driver, and I fancy a certain American actor quite a lot." We wondered who. "I'm not telling you, because we didn't get on. When he was over here promoting his book, I met him at this cocktail place and he took me out to dinner, along with his minder – but he spent the whole time taking calls. Not very considerate, was it?" *The absolute cad!* "Anyway, he called me from his hotel later on, but Barry said I was out. Still, I'm happy with Baz. He's all cuddly and lovely and nice," said Judy. Then, pointing to her cheque: "And this means I can take him out for a Chinese tonight." Tough luck, Mr Hollywood tough guy – every which way but Streatham! **See page 67 for what attracted the film star.**

## MIRANDA

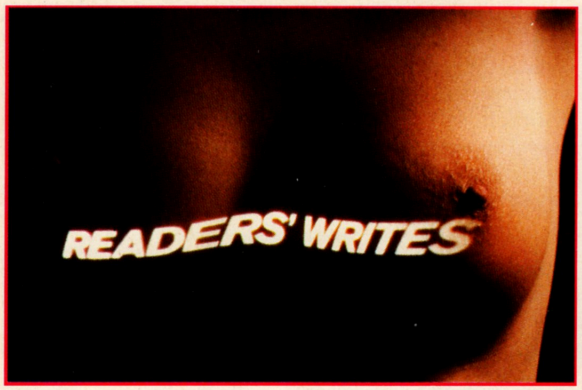
Last time she appeared in Club, we said of the magnificent Miranda: "Given a guess, we'd say this stunning 22-year-old head-turner's looks are destined to clash with her nine-to-five job some day very soon." You don't, after all, go through life looking like Miranda and expect to live in Bermondsey and drive a P-reg Mini, without some dishonourably-intentioned individual coming to the rescue before long. Which isn't to say Miranda's subsequently been whisked away to Belgravia by some silk-suited City smoothie. However, shacking-up with a top TV commercials director is clearly a step in the right direction. "Trouble is," we tried to convey to this exquisitely-proportioned creature, "our readers like to think the Club International girls are, you know, *available*. They don't want to know about your trips to Habitat of a Saturday morning." "Oh! Then tell them about my porno movie period!" she suggested, dispassionately. You could have heard John Holmes' thing-ey droop. "Porno? You've done the hard stuff, you mean?" we gawked. "Oh, yes," Miranda continued, reaching nonchalantly for her make-up. "Early-morning flight to Copenhagen, once a week. Loved every second of it." And her boyfriend? What does he think about *that* little dalliance? "That's where we met, dummy!" said Miranda, rolling her eyes incredulously. "That's how he got started. He used to shoot rude movies!" He'll shoot you if you shoot your mouth off any more, Milady! **Shoot off to page 8 for lots more of Miranda.**

## CHERYL

It's always nice to welcome a newcomer to Club, especially one of Cheryl's calibre. Like so many good glamour models, Cheryl graduated from the ranks via an acting career "that didn't quite work out", and occasional fashion modelling. And, like so many of her kind, it took a reassuring boyfriend (more aware than any, one presumes, of her stunning physique) to give that vital "shove". Cheryl, a tall (five-nine), shapely (34-24-32) blonde from Worcester, keeps an open mind about a return to acting: "TV sitcom walk-ons and minor cameos are all very nice, but they don't exactly put you on the map – let alone pay the grocery bill. I've got a good agent, though, and he insists that big break is just around the corner. But so is the tax man and the VAT man." However, it wasn't a reticent, reluctant young lady who submitted herself to Club's "prying lens". Cheryl was supremely self-confident; no stranger, it transpired, to slinky black stockings and high-heeled shoes: "Oh, I dress up like this all the time at home!" she said, stooping to straighten a seam. "In fact, I spend more time dressing for sex than undressing. Stockings? John wouldn't have me any other way." Oh, really? **See page 28 for just how sexy Cheryl is.**

## SHEREE

A bit of Blondie, a dash of Marilyn Monroe, shades of Pamela Stephenson and Paula Yates . . . Yes, there's a definite "seen-her-somewhere-before" look to Sheree, an intelligent and highly amusing native of Southampton. Although she's natural centrefold material, this delightful 21-year-old sees her future on a far higher, not to say loftier, plane of commercialism. Hosting risqué chat shows; getting an acting break; editing a smutty mag for women; becoming the first bottomless girl in a Fleet Street tabloid . . . the list goes on and on. An avid exponent of positive thinking, why on earth *shouldn't* Sheree get up there with 'em? She's got the looks, the personality, and God forbid, she's got the figure . . . "Yes, you've got to catch me while you can," boasts Sheree, jokingly. "I've heard tell that over-the-hill glamour models end up making a living catching pennies between their legs in dodgy bars in Port Said." We assured Sheree that this field of business isn't *quite* as cut-throat as all that. After all, there's the £2 coin, the krugerrand, the gold guinea, the Edward II groat . . . **And for you, dear readers, there's page 44!**




*continued from page 4*

indulged in plenty of synchronized wanking. I wonder how long it will be before *that* makes an appearance at the Commonwealth Games? If the black countries weren't boycotting, it would make a tremendous spectator sport for the girls.

*Stephen, South Shields*

## Tracey Treat

I'm writing in response to the letter from Tracey of Lincoln (Vol 15 No 7), who wanted people to write and explain what they'd like to do with her.

I'm 18 – the same age as Tracey – and live at home with my parents. Because I'm shy when girls are around, I'm still a virgin. I have to make do with wanking myself off several times a week, usually in company with a magazine.

When I was browsing through some mags recently, looking to see which one I was going to buy, I came across Vol 15 No 7 and decided to buy it. I'm so glad I did, because I soon came across Tracey's letter. My prick was harder than it had ever been before, and I figured this was going to be a pretty special wanking session.

I decided, as this was an out-of-the-ordinary occasion, I would wank myself off using a method which gives me an exceptional amount of stimulation: it also leaves me unable to move after I've climaxed until the sensations have died down.

I collected the materials I needed, and set to work. I put a couple of squirts of baby lotion inside the edge of one of my mum's Marigold rubber gloves. Then I wedged it in a folded chairbed and placed that on my bed.

I then stood in front of it and slowly started to ease my six inches of length and four and a half inches of girth into the glove, imagining all the time it was Tracey's well-lubricated cunt. Once I was in all the way up to my bulging ball sac, I slowly began to thrust in and out, gradually becoming faster and faster.

The lovely, slippery feeling usually makes me come after about five minutes, but because I was imagining it was Tracey's tight cunt, I held myself out for ten minutes so I could please her.

Then I felt my spunk creeping up my prick, so I gave a final thrust and shot my load of hot jism into Tracey's imaginary cunt. I then collapsed on the chairbed, the sensations leaving me utterly exhausted and unable to move, as usual.

Gradually, my cock went limp and slipped out of the imitation cunt. I thought I was finished then, but one look at Tracey's letter was all the excuse my cock needed to come back to life. I quickly cleaned the mixture of baby lotion and spunk off my prick and lay down to jerk myself off: conventionally this time. And while I was giving myself a hand job, I was dreaming of what Tracey and myself were doing.

I imagined we were going into the 69 position. Although it was the first time for both of us, we soon got the hang of it and we were soon on the verge of coming again. I suddenly shot my load into the back of Tracey's mouth just as she had her orgasm. I licked up all her juices.

Back in the real world, I was still jerking myself off, so I went back to dreaming about her. My cock hadn't gone limp after spunking in her mouth, so I withdrew and got her to kneel in the doggy position.

I put some lubricating cream on my dick, then pushed it into her snatch as far as it would go. I thrust in and out vigorously until I simply couldn't hold back any longer. As I imagined myself coming, I enjoyed my second real amazing orgasm of the session.

I hope that, when I lose my virginity, it's to a randy young girl like Tracey.

*Richard, Leicester*

*Is Caroline another Heather lookalike? We're not so sure...*

## Brookside Lookalike (1)

I was recently reading the Best of Club International No 10 when I came across Jane, the *Club Chance* girl. Quite simply, I was stunned.

You see, she bears a tremendous resemblance to Amanda Burton, who plays Heather Haversham in *Brookside*. You're on to a winner here, because, let's face it, I don't think I need to remind any male what an absolutely fuckable lady Miss Burton is.

Let's see more of Jane – photographed on the *Brookside* set, if possible!

*Duke, Tayside*

*Jane adopts a very un-**Brookside**-like pose*

## Brookside Lookalike (2)

Having had the urge to write many times before, but always having restrained myself, I just couldn't hold back when I saw the lovely Caroline in Vol 15 No 8. What a sexy woman she is!

Personally, I think she's the double of Heather, the recently-married bride of Channel 4's *Brookside*, my fave telly lady, so you can imagine the wonderful wanking fantasies I've had while looking at Caroline's pictures. This girl is amazing. Thanks.

*Name and address supplied*

## Auntie Climax

I am writing in reply to the people who have expressed a preference to seeing girls in bare feet. My plea to you is not to change your mag; I'd say you have the balance just about right as it is, with the majority of girls in stockings, suspenders and high heels.

The nylon stocking straining over the toes, the foot arched into the shoe, the accentuated shapeliness of the calf, the taut suspenders straining right across the thighs ... all these sights have me spunking like mad.

My particular fetish for stockings and high heels comes from when I used to go and stay with my stepfather's sister every summer holiday. After I'd left school when I was 18, I had an extended holiday there.

At that time, my aunt (I called her that even though, technically, she wasn't) was 40-ish, quite good-looking, with a nice figure and lovely, shapely legs. And, that particular year, my aunt had hurt her back and couldn't bend down properly. She said she was glad I was around to give her a hand. Her husband was working abroad, as he often did, and her two children had gone to stay with friends for a while. That meant there were just the two of us in the house.

Among other tasks, my aunt said I'd need to help her put her stockings and shoes on every day, as she couldn't bend down far enough.

The first morning, she came downstairs dressed in a blouse and a skirt and carrying her shoes and stockings. She sat in the chair in front of the fire. "Come on, then," she said. "I'll show you what to do."

I kneeled down on the floor and she passed me a stocking, showing me how to gather it up so it was ready to slip on her foot. I eased it on over her heel and started pulling it up her leg. When I reached her knee, she said: "Okay, I can manage now. No peeping!"

I looked away as she pulled it up over her thigh then fumbled under her skirt – first for one suspender which she pulled down and clipped on, then the other. I couldn't resist the temptation to keep glancing up her skirt, which was riding up as she was doing this. We went through the same routine with the other stocking, then I lifted one foot at a time into her high-heeled sandals and fastened the straps. By now, my prick was throbbing like mad and I went straight to the bathroom to toss myself off.

Every day after that, I started to make my task last longer, and to let my hands linger on her feet and legs. I would also stare more openly while she fastened her suspenders. I think she must have sussed this, because she kept glancing down to see if I was looking. And she seemed to be taking longer in fastening her suspenders.

Some days, in fact, she would look at them after we'd finished; she'd tut-tut, and say: "They haven't gone on straight – we'll need to take them off and put them on again." One day she was having difficulty finding one of her suspenders, which had been tangled up in her knickers. Her skirt had ridden right up and I was staring really openly. I was too turned-on to notice she was looking right at me. "Having a good look, are we?" she said.

I blushed, and stammered out some half-baked apology. "My, my – you are

excited, aren't you?" said my aunt, looking at the bulge in my trousers.

"Anyway," she went on. "Now you've had a good look, I think I should as well." She unzipped my flies. Then she pulled down my trousers and underpants, my erect prick sticking out and looking like it was about to explode. She asked me if I wanted her to take anything off. Becoming brave, I said: "Yes, just your skirt and blouse."

This she did, revealing the rest of her white suspender belt, knickers, and a lovely, lacy low-cut bra. "Looking at the state of him," said my aunt while pointing to my cock, "you must like what you see."

She then asked me if a woman had ever wanked me off, and I admitted this had never been done successfully. She asked if I would like her to do it; now in a state of high excitement, I couldn't say anything else except yes.

Slowly, she began stroking my cock and tickling my balls. I ran my hands over her stocking tops and the taut suspenders on her creamy-white thighs. Within seconds, I spunked all over the place. It flew on to her stockings and suspenders, and on to her thighs and tummy. "Do you feel better now, then?" she asked. I nodded, with a wide, satisfied grin on my face.

Sadly, there were now only two more days of my holiday left. But in those two days she sucked and wanked me to death, even though we never actually had sex. In fact, that was the last time I ever saw my aunt: her husband found a permanent job abroad, and they emigrated soon after.

But I'll never forget that summer – it turned me into a confirmed stockings, suspenders and high heels fetishist.

*David, Huddersfield*

## Tanya On Top

It is with the greatest pleasure that I read Club International Vol 15 No 7. How is it possible to find so many beautiful women so often (as I presume you do)?

I am an occasional reader of your magazine, the last one being the issue mentioned above. The undoubted highlight for me was the stunning picture set of Tanya.

She is probably not the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, but she is absolutely the most exciting and sexy girl I can imagine: a whole copy could, in my opinion, be dedicated to her. Her incredibly sexy expression makes you forget that perhaps her physical qualifications may not be perfect. She must be Girl of the Year!

Finally, please don't

*continued on page 95*

# COME AGAIN

**There's no room for complacency in the business of producing a high-quality men's magazine which people want to buy *and* come back to again. But, here at Club, we *have* allowed ourselves to become just a little smug at the "love letters" which have been flooding into our postbag with pleasing regularity. It seems the girls we feature in Club really are a cut above the rest. Rest assured we'll try to keep it that way.**

**They say you shouldn't judge a book by its cover, but quite a few of you did just that with Vol 15 No 8, having been attracted by cover girl Diana, and even more bowled over by her picture set inside. "The only disappointment with this set," wrote Kevin from Boston, "is that it only lasted for five pages. You owe it to us to show us more of Diana."**

**Shirley, from Montrose, tells us: "I won't even pretend for one minute that I look like Diana, but we do have one thing in common – large areolae. My husband has a thing about them, and he can quite often be stimulated enough to wank off like a mad 'un just by licking my big rings. He hasn't half given me some good ones after looking at Diana's pictures."**

**But Carl from Maidstone can go one better than Shirley, in that he reckons he might actually be ogling at the *real* Diana every morning. Well, knowing where Diana lives (and we're not telling you), we think it's unlikely, but it's worth reading what Carl has to say nonetheless:**

I couldn't believe it when I saw Diana in Vol 15 No 8; I just couldn't. The reason for that is because I'm pretty sure I pass her, fully-clothed, on my way to work every morning in Maidstone town centre. Of course, she's not the sort of girl it's easy to miss, even at ridiculous times in the morning (and she looks great even then), so I recognized her straight away when I saw her in Club.

The next time I saw her in the street after that, I walked on the same side of the road as her and ambled towards her. I smiled broadly at her, wondering if maybe she'd know just why I did that, but I didn't get any response. I did the same again the next day, still not having plucked up the courage to actually say anything. All I got this time was a look which seemed to say: "Oh God – not him again."

As she passed me, I looked behind and caught sight of her lovely arse encased in a tight-fitting, calf-length white skirt. The thought that I'd seen that arse in all its glory just an hour before, with rich, dark pubic hair reaching up to it (courtesy of Club International) was just too much for me to bear, and I had the wank to end all wanks when I got to the office.

Put me out of my misery and tell me my dream girl in Maidstone is Diana!

*Carl, Maidstone*

*Well, I hate to say this, Carl, but . . . – Ed.*

# Miranda

Photographs by Dwight Fox

# LIFE WITH Linzi

**LINZI DREW, one of the sexiest and most photographed models in the world, writes exclusively in *Club International* . . .**

Would you believe it, fellas? My wicked landlord has just kicked me out of the delightful little cottage that I've been living in the last few months! And all because he caught me in bed, gobbling two very nice stiff cocks belonging to two very nice young gents. I'm sure that doesn't warrant an eviction in any rent book, you know!

Still, paying my rent in "kind", I suppose, means giving IT to the landlord when he calls, and, to be honest, chaps, I have been avoiding him of late. His dicky doesn't seem to do a lot for me any more (unlike the two hunks he caught me with!). So I must be moving on.

I'll just refresh your memory. A few months ago, I sold my Kensington flat, and was so busy, I was stuck for somewhere to live. Well, this landlord guy who I really fancied at the time offered me his cottage in the heart of the beautiful Suffolk countryside, with a cosy little arrangement on the side at weekends. It all went very well until he started banning "other" men!

So when he stormed into what is ostensibly his bedroom and found me frolicking with two "other" men, my mouth full of cock, that was the last straw. He chucked the guys, myself and all my gear – including piles of frilly lingerie – out into the street. The guys and I were lucky enough to be allowed to get dressed and use the door, but my frillies were just hoisted out of the bedroom window and I left half of it hanging in a bloody tree! Now *that* will give the village folk something juicy to gossip about.

So here I am back in the heart of noisy London, staying with a girlfriend and pining for the glorious, fresh country air.

I seem to be not quite so busy at the moment, and I decided it was about time I got myself sorted out and do a bit of househunting. Suffolk was all very well, but it's a bloody long way from anywhere. If I had to drive into London for a hard day pussy-flashing, I'd be shattered before I got started. I thought Berkshire might be more suitable, as it's much closer to town for work and play.

Now, it's all very well zooming around in my Turbo looking for this pretty thatched cottage that I've got my heart set upon, but when you do that you never really get a chance to check out the surrounding villages and countryside – unless you take a long, leisurely stroll or even a relaxed bicycle ride.

I decided on driving down to Berkshire with my friend, Angel, to look at a couple of properties, then borrow a couple of bikes and go off somewhere nice for a picnic. As usual, things didn't go quite according to plan.

Everything started well, however. I absolutely fell in love with the second cottage I saw, so I set off happily with Angel to her mate's house, so we could borrow a couple of bikes and ride off to check out some of the local beauty spots.

Photographs by Paul Diamond

That was when the bit of trouble began. Her mate, Doug, didn't exactly have *two* bicycles – just the one, built for two. Yes, a tandem! Now, don't get me wrong; the idea of a tandem is absolutely delightful, but *you* try riding one of the bloody things and you'll realize it is anything but delightful!

Unfortunately, we didn't realize how difficult it was to ride until we parked the car, climbed on with our picnic baskets and set off down a grassy hill. We promptly fell off. The main problem was that the tandem was so big and heavy, we just couldn't seem to control it. Not to mention the fact that once Angel had got her leg over, the saddle was wriggling around all over the place. I think she was having a bloody good time on the bumpy saddle, leaving me to do all the donkey work!

## Dirty Stuff

Mind you – in the end, that was the only way we managed to keep the tandem upright: just one of us had to pedal, and, seeing I was up front, it had to be me.

As you can imagine, I was well knackered pretty quickly, so we found a nice little spot by a stream and settled down for a picnic just across the way from Doug's cottage.

We had a lovely time discussing all the dirty stuff that girls talk about when they are together. You know: 'His cock was only this big!' And 'Crikey, didn't he come a lot . . . I nearly choked!' etc, etc.

Well, there we were, stretched out sunbathing alongside our abandoned tandem, enjoying ourselves, chatting away, scoffing fresh fruit and guzzling plenty of wine, when who should saunter over but Doug to see if we'd enjoyed our tandem ride. We were going to chuck him and his bloody tandem in the river, but we had second thoughts as he was a real dish, and all our lewd conversation had got us both as horny as hell.

We started taking off his trousers in order to pretend to chuck him in the river, but he was far too strong for that and it was Angel and I who both ended up in there. It was only about six inches deep, but still awfully wet.

We helped each other up the steep bank to see Doug, the no-good layabout, sunning himself on our blanket in his candy-striped underpants. We jumped on him and started rubbing our wet bodies all over him. Well, as you can imagine, the three of us writhing around half-starkers soon became completely starkers and very wet. I was, anyway!

I sat on Doug's face as his tongue parted my pussy, his hands grabbing handfuls of my ass as he pulled me on to his mouth. I could hear Angel slurping away on his cock as Doug nibbled gently on my clitoris. My pussy was hot and sticky as he opened it wide with his fingers and sank his tongue deep in my wetness. I was coming fast and furious, as he was fingerfucking and sucking me all at once. My whole pussy seemed like it was going to explode, as it was so hot and throbbing.

Speaking of hot and throbbing, that's just the way his cock was as I joined Angel to gobble him. It was a real tease to him – and both of us – to see who could make him come first. A real test for our cocksucking

techniques, eh? But when he finally did spunk all over our faces, we had to admit it was definitely a joint effort.

We both wanted to fuck Doug, but seeing as Doug is Angel's boyfriend (well, one of them) she thought she should get first bite of the cherry, if you'll pardon the expression. I was quite happy to lie back in the sunshine and watch while Doug slid his thick knob doggy-style into Angel's eager cunt.

They were gloriously bonking away, with me lying beside them on the blanket. I was fingering my clit like crazy and wishing desperately that I had my wonderful vibrator with me, when I heard this buzzing sound. No, it wasn't my trusty vibrator coming out to look for me . . . it was a fucking great combine harvester heading in our direction!

I grabbed the lovers – who were at a very crucial stage in their sexual proceedings – and managed to prise them apart. I calmly informed them they were about to meet the grim reaper. Then Doug looks up all glassy-eyed and tells us that we're not only on a private farm, but that the farmer who owns it has a bit of a reputation for being a local lunatic!

I think the three of *us* must have looked like lunatics, struggling on to the tandem in various stages of undress in an effort to make a quick getaway!

Of course, we did get away – but not before a load of verbal was flung at us from the farmer, who was sweating and extremely red-faced. Well, you know what these country folks' accents are like: we couldn't understand a bloody word. I'm still not sure if he was really angry, or just a horny old man who fancied a closer look!

Despite getting all my knickers stuck up a tree, being temporarily homeless, falling ass over tit off of a tandem and narrowly escaping confrontation with a loony on a combine harvester, this month hasn't been all bad. I'm hopefully buying the cottage that I fell in love with and I have one or two very tasty men on the go.

I still haven't managed to finish what I started with Dishy Doug, but I am hoping to rectify the situation tonight; I'm going down to Berkshire to have another look at my dream cottage, and Doug has invited me round for a nice cup of tea afterwards. Surely I'll have more luck this time? I'll let you know, but I must dash now as I've got to try and find myself a pair of knickers (well, you can hardly go knickerless while measuring up room sizes, can you?).

*Linzi*

# FOR FRIENDSHIP, LOVE OR MARRIAGE

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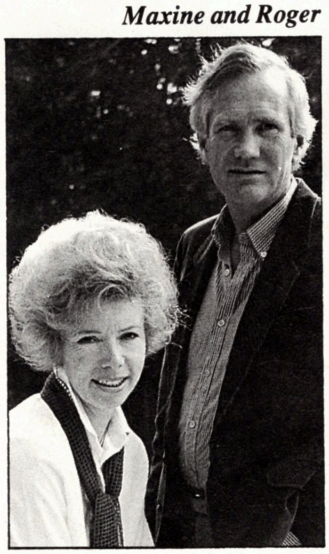
### *'Love at first letter...'* *Sally and Wally*

*Even dedicated 'singles' can't help feeling the tiniest bit envious when they meet Wally and Sally Gomes. Newly married, this effervescent couple never seem to stop laughing and are obviously very much in love. Busy, successful people; he is a teacher, she a shop manager, they had both decided that the time was right to look for a closer relationship, so joined Dateline. 'I was impressed by Dateline — you do the choosing and you can set the rules — that's what appealed to me' says Sally. Sally wrote to everyone on her Dateline list and was impressed by her replies. But Wally's letter she loved. 'There was reams of it. It quite bowled me over. I thought 'the man's a raving lunatic!'' They exchanged three letters before Wally put a phone number at the top of his letter, but Sally made him phone her first! That first phone call lasted nearly two hours. By the time they met, Sally had decided she didn't give a hang what Wally looked like because he was so nice, but in fact she thought he wasn't half bad looking! It was definitely love at first sight, and though neither Sally nor Wally had joined Dateline for marriage, when they met they found that's exactly what they wanted.*

### *'Time to call in the experts...'* *Graham and Alison*

*26 year old Graham from Cambridge had been an active member of lots of clubs and organisations, but Miss Right was proving very elusive until he joined Dateline and met Alison. 'I thought immediately what a nice girl she was, and as we were talking through the evening, I very quickly realised that our personalities matched quite well, and I knew that I would really like to continue the relationship.' Within the first few weeks they knew they had something special. Graham couldn't believe it! 'I kept telling myself to keep calm about it, and see how things progressed, but I knew she was the one.' A Valentine's Day engagement, six months after they first met, will be followed by a wedding this year. Another love match by the experts!*

### *'You meet such nice people through Dateline'* *Maxine and Roger*



*Maxine Breed was an independent woman with two teenage sons, who had been very successful in rebuilding her life after the break-up of her marriage. 'I am not a quiet, stay-at-home sort of person, I led a very busy life before I joined Dateline, I played various sports, sat on several committees and socialised quite a bit, I had a number of men friends — but they were not romantic links. I started to think about Dateline because I feel if you have been married for any length of time, you do miss having a commitment to another person. I joined Dateline in the hope that I would meet men with a lasting relationship in mind.'*

*Maxine has recently married Roger Heggs, a landscape designer, who had joined Dateline to 'do something about his lifestyle.' When he inquired he had been impressed with the quality of literature supplied about Dateline and had joined immediately. Maxine was the second person he contacted. 'I thought she was incredibly beautiful, when I opened the door I couldn't believe it!' Roger proposed several times to Maxine before she finally agreed to marry him. 'Maxine wanted to wait three years, but in the end she compromised on two. I couldn't believe my ears when she finally said yes!'*

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# Letters to Linzi

**Dear Linzi,**
Re your comments on large vaginas (*Letters to Linzi*, Vol 15 No 7). I don't have your past experience with well-hung men, nor have I been with all that many blokes (two boyfriends before my husband).

However, I do have very large labia lips: this isn't due to great amounts of sexual activity – it's always been that way. My husband, an avid reader of Club, is really intrigued with the female vagina and its many and varied appearances – some are really neat and trim, while others are downright untidy!

Does sexual activity have any effect on this particular orifice?

*Diana, W Yorkshire*

*Well, Diana, you're right – our pussies do vary so much. Mine is quite neat and very sensitive to fingers and tongue, although I do get a lot of pleasure from my trusty vibrator (and cocks, of course!). I have quite a few friends who have very big-lipped pussies: they seem to be very horny, and climax in more or less the same way. So, although we all look different, we all love the same things! Maybe they like a different technique – I don't know. It's a very interesting subject, and might warrant my doing a little 'survey' amongst my mates . . .*

**Dear Linzi,**
I hope you won't mind answering a few questions for me; and I hope you'll give me an honest answer to my first question rather than one which you feel will make me feel good!

You must have been asked this a thousand times, but does the size of a man's cock make any difference to you? Do you like – or need – them to be really big in order to get satisfaction? You see, I'm still a virgin at 26, because I wouldn't want any girl laughing at my small prick – it's only four and a half inches long, and four inches in girth (was that a snigger, Linzi?).

Have you ever been fucked by a cock that small? If so, did you *feel* anything?

*George, London EC1*

*Right, George – here's the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. I've had boyfriends with big cocks and small ones (a lot smaller than yours, let me say, and they've usually been very enjoyable). Size isn't the most important thing, because lovemaking involves lots of things besides screwing – like touching, sucking, etc. It's the technique that's important. After I've been naughty with someone who has a whopper, I walk around afterwards feeling a little sore and bow-legged. So at least the ladies in your life will be spared that when you lose your virginity (which I hope will be soon!).*

**Dear Linzi,**
I'm 56 years old with a bit of a pot belly, and I'm rapidly losing my hair: all those stories of young nymphs going wild over older men certainly haven't come true for me. But, some weeks ago, an incident with a girl happened to me, and I shall treasure it for the rest of my days.

The girl – I'll call her Julie – works in the same office as me. Julie is beautiful in the extreme – long, sexy legs, the most gorgeous bum I've ever seen on any girl (a match even for your cheeks, Linzi), the most terrific pair of tits (whose nipples, when they press through her blouse, stop all work from happening in the office) and a most aristocratic, black African face.

She lives on her own as far as we can make out, her parents having retired back to Nigeria some two years ago. Suitors are never in short supply, but no one I know has had any luck. She must be about 23, and you and she are my favourite subjects for my frequent fantasies.

Anyway, near the end of one particular day, I actually found myself chatting to her and staring into those piercing, black eyes. I was telling her about how every man who saw her went around with their tongues hanging out. My ego was soaring. We were very close, and our eyes met. It could have been quite a romantic situation, had she not said: "I'll wank you for a tenner."

This didn't do much for my ego, finding out her ulterior motive, but I don't remember wasting any time in accepting. We found a deserted office and locked ourselves in. I removed two crisp five-pound notes from my wallet and laid them on the desk, while Julie's first move was to remove her tight, tight T-shirt.

I was convinced I was dreaming as she took my hands and placed them over her breasts. I remember massaging them and pinching the nipples as she sat me down in a chair and kneeled in front of me. I may have been drooling as she undid my tie and shirt, revealing my embarrassingly large stomach. She was not put off as she stitched a line of delicate kisses over my chest and belly, then performing the feat of undoing my belt with her teeth.

I now had a painfully large erection which Julie nuzzled and licked through my trousers, almost making me come inside them. Realizing my predicament, Julie unzipped my fly and drew my trousers and underpants down to my ankles, causing me to actually sit on her hands, feeling her long, black fingers against my bare arse for a few tantalizing seconds. It was then that I believe I saw my shameful four-incher from under my paunch – not an everyday occurrence.

I was dying to ram my prick into her mouth, but she wouldn't let me. As I felt her breath caressing my prick, I watched her inhaling the smell of sweat and urine that emanated from it. A smile seemed to tug at her lips as she pressed them to my tip, withdrew, then grabbed my shaft tightly in her hand. I came that very second.

One jet slashed across her face, a thick, white lump disappearing into her open mouth. Her head jerked backwards in shock, effectively making her thrust my dick downwards, drawing from it another jet which slithered down her neck and between her tits. A third and final jet was directed over her gorgeous, brown tit, a large globule of the stuff spattering across her nipple.

I don't think she'd expected to swallow any of the stuff, but she allowed me to wipe the streak off her tit and she sucked the sticky finger into her mouth. She then got up, her face and cleavage still damp with my semen, took her money and clothes, and left.

My second and most recent visit to her cost me 20 quid this time. At my request, she wore a policewoman's uniform. She rolled up her skirt to expose stocking- and suspender-clad legs and a pantie-less fanny. She stretched out on the sofa and gave me a show of using a vibrator on herself to get herself wet. Then she sat up, spread her legs wide, and invited me to come and have a taste.

I kneeled between her thighs, ogling her tiny, black cunt. She took my bald head and drew it in between her thighs. She started to rub her cunt over my face; I pushed my tongue in and found her wonderfully tight. She soon changed places with me – and actually took me into her mouth. She drew me out and gently sunk her teeth into my helmet. That was it. I grabbed her head, rammed my dick into her mouth, and watched her eyes widen in horror as I shot my load.

Half the stuff she spat out, but she had unfortunately swallowed at just the wrong moment.

So, Linzi, that's about it. If I can get her back, possibly with larger sums of money (though I don't think it's the money that makes her do it. I think she has a fetish about playing the whore with chubby, unattractive men like me), I hope to fuck her one day.

Linzi, you say you love sucking cocks even if you don't fancy the owners. If you were to play the part of Julie with me, my fantasies would become better than ever. *Tony, Berkshire*

*Did I really once say I love sucking cocks even if I don't fancy the owner? I must have been carried away by a fanciable cock, I suppose, Tony.*

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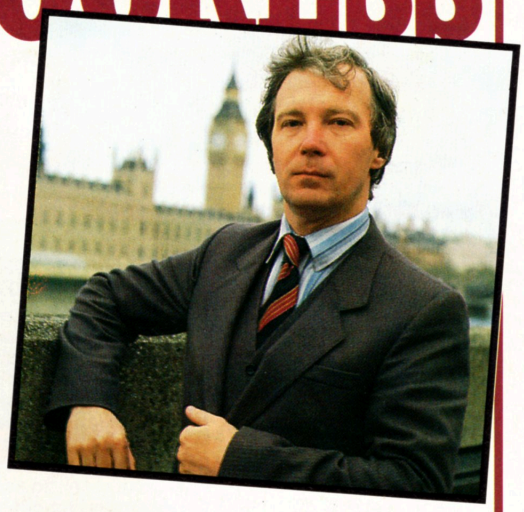
# PILBEAM'S PROGRESS

## A WEEK IN POLITICS Part 5

***Notes towards the autobiography of a working politician. Dictated by ERNEST PILBEAM MP (left on a bus by Ms Cheryl Pagge and picked up by TYM MANLEY).***



**EDITOR'S NOTE:** IN PREPARING THESE HISTORIC DOCUMENTS FOR THE PRESS, WE HAVE TAKEN GREAT CARE TO ADHERE CLOSELY TO THE ORIGINAL. THE EXPRESSION "(EXDEL)" INDICATES WHERE AN EXPLETIVE HAS BEEN DELETED. "TITSYPOOH" IS PILBEAM'S PET NAME FOR MS PAGGE (HIS SECRETARY AND PRIVATE ASSISTANT). "PIGGY" IS HER PET NAME FOR HIM. YEUCH!

**Monday:**
Well, now I know the date of the General Election. June 18th, it's going to be.

Well, it makes sense in one way. Because every (exdel) businessman knows whatever that (exdel) Lawson says, the oil price means inflation up to five per cent and rising next year, and the so-called unemployment figures past 3.5 million and on the way up.

We can fiddle that sort of rise out of the figures until June, but not beyond.

On the other hand, we'll never win unless we start pretending we're going to spend more on the Health Service, Social Services, and generally wiping the bums of the voters.

Well, I don't believe in any of that and I'm not about to pretend I do, Minister or no Minister.

***Oh, Piggy, you're going to be a minister! You clever Piggy! You must get a divorce now, darling. And I will be Mrs Rt Hon and perhaps Lady Pilbeam . . . Oh Piggy, Piggy . . . How wonderful! – Titsy.***

MEMO
To: Ms Pagge
From: Ernest Pilbeam
While I do not object, in the normal way, to you prancing into my office in a topless see-through wedding dress, carrying a bottle of champagne in one hand, your knickers in the other and squealing: "Oh, darling – let me kiss your Rt Hon member," I would prefer it if you ensured I was alone beforehand, and not in conference with the leader of my Constituency Party, the Rt Reverend Stupe and his lady wife.

I think I convinced them you were a stripogram girl sent by Red Len to embarrass me, but the prebendary's wife, being the only one of us to look at your face, kept saying: "I recognize that girl from somewhere." I made the mistake of saying it must have been on Page Three and copped an (exdel) of a tongue-bashing against filth in newspapers and what was I going to do about it and how dare I infer she read anything but the *Telegraph*.

Anyway, before you get too excited, you'd better type up the rest of my thoughts on today.

It all started last night when Maggie came on the line. Still worried about my speech to Conference on Wednesday. Cooing that we must give a positive image to our policy on Social Services.

"You mean make the fact that we failed to cut what we said we'd cut into a virtue," I said. "(Exdel) that, Maggs!" I said: "The problem with this social services business is that it acts like prison. People get so used to being ordered about and looked after that when they're let out they get frightened and commit some crime to get back in again.

"And in political terms," I said, "it means they'll go out and commit the serious offence of voting for that (exdel) Kinnock," I said.

"Well don't expect me to go around pretending that's a good thing. You should have kicked 'em out into the cold after the last election like I told you, you wet (exdel)," I said.

I find it pays to be direct with the PM.

She went very quiet. And I was ordered to appear at the Chief Whip's Office today.

Maggie was there, looking ravishing and all smiles. She said that some ministers weren't happy after the reshuffle and there might be resignations. "Ernest, what would you say if I offered you the Ministry of Social Standards?"

She smiled a poisonous smile.

The Chief Whip went white. He whispered with her for a while. I caught the words: "That (exdel) Pilbeam" and "disaster area" and "Can't keep his cock in his Y-fronts" and so on. Then Maggie whispered: "But it's only until June." Which is how I know when to sell all my shares and send the cash out of the way of Comrade Hattersley. May 1st, no later!

Well, I had to say yes. If I refuse, my supporters in the party will stop putting the pressure on for a job for me – and it is a reasonable job: a stepping stone to the Foreign Office, which I must have if I'm to teach the foreigners proper respect for the British!

But, as I say, Tits, don't get your knickers in a twist just yet. I think she's just trying to keep me quiet until after the Conference. Maybe until after the Queen's speech, too.

I don't know how Her Majesty does it each year. Must want to burst out laughing, but never even cracks a smile. That's the stuff that made Britain Great, Tits.

**Tuesday:**
Down to Bournemouth for the Conference. I took Titsy with me because, despite all the stories you hear about local Tory Parties hiring strippers and indulging in drunken orgies, there's never any fun at our Conference. All that's just planted in the tabloids by our Press officers to make us seem a bit of a merry heterosexual bunch. As opposed to the serious gays on the other side.

Funniest thing was old Jim Prior peddling his new book. I don't know how he's got the (exdel) gall! You don't find boxers writing books saying how they were outmanoeuvered, psyched out and bashed silly by their opponents, but that's what he's done. It's a bit of a whinge. But of course the critical bits will be meat and drink to the reds in the media and they'll spend the whole time talking about it. Should sell a few, Jim

*This little Piggy came to market, and went all the way . . .*

# BEAVER BANGER'S BONANZA

## ENDROS
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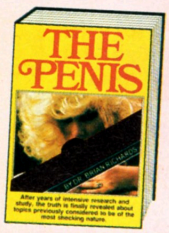


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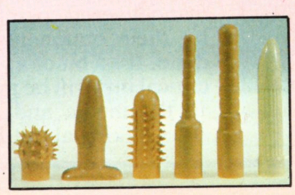

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hopes.

Well I shan't read it. (Exdel) me! What an (exdel) bore these dos are. Think I'll have a drink or three.

**Wednesday:**

Titsy, what the (exdel) actually happened last night? I remember us looking round the conference centre for a nice secluded place to (exdel). I remember crawling under the table. But after that it all goes blank. I think I must have passed out.

Next thing I know I'm wearing your stockings and suspenders and we're humping like rattlesnakes (you naughty randy rabbit, you). And then... and THEN, Titsy, I looked down and there was that row of sensible female toecaps poking under the drape. And you screamed. And someone pulled up the drape and *she* screamed, and then we ran for the window in the dark and somehow scrambled down the fire escape into the gents.

Thank God I tripped over the lighting flex! You know what that was? That was the Conservative Women's Fringe Meeting on "The Return to Victorian Standards", that's what that was.

They were standing holding one minute's silence in memory of their late chairwoman, when we started to grunt and moan under the table.

Laugh? Titsy, it was fantastic! And the funniest (exdel) thing about it is they thought we were two **women**! It'll be all over the papers tonight. LESBIAN LOVERS LICK VICTORIAN STANDARD BEARERS! DYKES UNDER THE DAIS! There'll be all hell up!

***Piggy! This is terrible! I wasn't there!! Who on earth were you with? Does this mean you won't be a Minister now? Mummy won't give you your honey if you're not, you naughty bear! – Titsy.***

Later: Not so funny now. Doon has been on the phone. He says he has a picture of me coming out of the window. Demands the editorship of *The Truth* at £400,000 a year, or he'll publish.

I said I'd think about it. I don't think he dare. If he does, I'm finished in politics and he's nothing on me any more. Bang goes his career and it's back to snapping porn for the *Sun*.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** ERNST DOON IS A PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE MAIN NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED BY THE PILBEAM PRESS – *THE TRUTH*. HE TOOK THE PHOTOGRAPHS WE PUBLISH HERE AND USED THEM TO BLACKMAIL HIS WAY TO A £1000 A WEEK JOB ON THE PAPER. HE IS CURRENTLY PHOTOGRAPHING THE NESTS OF KILLER BEES FOR A FEATURE IN THAT PAPER.

Despite the Doon problem, I thought my speech went down very well. The debate on Social Standards centred on whether or not it should be Government Policy to ban sex magazines from newsagents.

There was the usual arguments for: that they encouraged sexual offences (that would be more convincing if there hadn't been sexual offences before they came on the scene). There was the usual argument against: that they provide a release valve and prevent sexual offences (that would be more convincing if there had been less sexual offences after they were invented). In my view they make no difference one way or the other, so leave 'em alone.

But I wasn't going to argue that. Rule of life: Never argue against convinced Conservative women.

No, I agreed with their motion. I said it should go further – to ban *all* publications that exploit nudity and sexual situations for gain. And to extend the ban to television as well.

Well, I talked up a streak and they all got a bit above themselves and passed the motion with all my amendments intact.

I think I've (exdelled) that little wheeze.

By the way, Tits, did you see what happened to that poor (exdel) Ron Areshole?

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** RONALD ARZHUL, THE LABOUR MEMBER FOR NORTH CHEAM.

Poor sod attacked our "lesbian" escapade as "a sign of how low the Tory Party has sunk into moral turpitude."

Silly sod. The Faggots and Dykes on his Constituency Party really hit the fan. The poor sod's being de-selected.

By the way Tits, are you *sure* it wasn't you under the table? I've got your knickers in my back pocket. And I'm not giving them back until afterwards!

***Piggy: Yes, it must have been me. I've got rust streaks all over my bottom from the fire escape. But, really, I don't remember a thing! – Titsy (very hungover).***

**Thursday:**

Just as I thought. My leaks to the Press did the job. GOVERNMENT TO BAN *EASTENDERS*! SEXY SOAPS TO GO! Howled the tabloids. They seemed very angry – which, when you realize that they write about little else but soap operas these days is understandable.

The idea of losing millions of votes put the (exdels) up the morality brigade. Nine am sharp there was a Press release from the Minister. No chance of that resolution becoming Government Policy. No part of it at all!

Some of the brighter papers said I'd been rather clever. Got well in with the dim moralists in the party for a brave effort and well in with the clever ones for low cunning

*Fringe meeting, with benefits – Pilbeam under the table before it all went blank*

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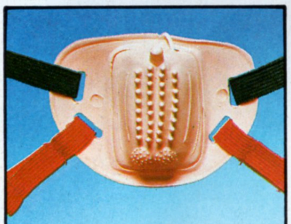

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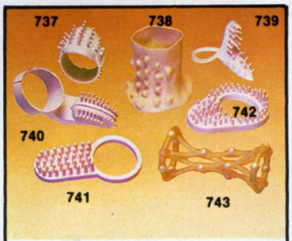


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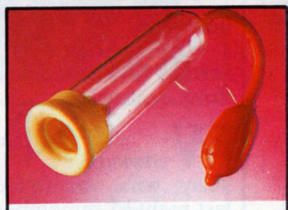

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*A Right Honourable Occasion, when our member took to the air with a dolly mixture*

(well out with the clever moralists, I've no doubt. One of whom is our beloved leader. But what the hell!).

I spoke too soon. That (exdel) Maggie has really got it in for me. She appeared on the lunchtime news talking about the Sex in the Media resolution. She said it was not, as the Minister said, Government policy as yet. But she wasn't entirely against it. "Not soap operas, of course not, Sir Robin, but I agree with a lot that Ernest said."

She went on to hint that the Minister for Social Standards was not in the best of health and a future Minister might well be someone who wholeheartedly supports the spirit of the resolution.

"But the soaps are safe, of course, Robin, of course."

Breathy sincerity is her trump card.

Well it looks as though I'm (exdelled), Titsy. Can't refuse the Ministry, can't refuse to do something towards this type of Bill, or I'll appear a hypocrite. But I won't push this kind of nonsense through.

I'll have to resign, and she knows it.

***She does, Piggy. I got a message from her Private Secretary. Message reads: "Got you by the exdels." – Titsy.***

Had Doon on the phone again, after his money. I didn't give a (exdel). Publish and be (exdelled), I said.

**Friday:**

What an (exdel) day. I left the hotel at 7am, to be surrounded by reporters. They were thrusting newspapers at me. Doon *has* published and *will* be (exdelled) when I get hold of him.

The papers were just hinting that informed sources had suggested that possibly one of the dykes under the dais was Ernest Pilbeam MP. No picture or anything.

Was I aware, asked the vultures, that the PM had stated that I was never under consideration for any Ministry and, if the reports were true, which she profoundly doubted, I would have to resign my seat?

No I wasn't (exdel) aware of it.

I couldn't get to grips with things at all. I was blind from the flashbulbs and deaf from the TV people yelling over one another. As far as I can remember I didn't say anything they could use.

***That's right, Piggy. You stuck to your usual policy. You said: "(Exdel) off, you (exdels)" and "who'd believe anything you (exdels) say," and so on. TV won't be able to use a word! Well done and goodbye. – Titsy (vewy sad).***

Up in the PM's suite it was dead silent. Seven of them there and only Tebbit in control of himself.

"You have just lost us the next election, you berk," he said.

"Well it saves you the trouble, (exdel)," I replied.

Then Maggie smiled. She really is a fascinating little woman.

"It seems you didn't want to be Minister of Social Standards, Ernest," she fluted. "Oh, well; perhaps it's just as well. I have here a picture of you in, er, female clothing, descending from a window. It isn't an image that fits in well with the Conservative Party, now – is it, Ernest?"

She gave me Doon's picture. It was a bit blurry, but it did show someone who looked like Titsy and someone like me stepping out of a window on to the hotel ironwork.

"You've (exdelled) up rather worse than Cecil," yelled Tebbit. "You'll resign, of course. That picture will be in all the evening papers."

I looked at the picture. My head swam. There was something wrong.

And then in rushed an aide carrying proofs of a newspaper. The headline said: WE SCREWED THE TORIES, SAY DERBY DYKE DUO!

I read it aloud. *"Sitting in their Derby bedsit, Sue and Eileen revealed that they shocked the Tory Standardbearers at Eastbourne last Tuesday.*

*"'We did it to protest against Tory attitudes to gay minorities,' said Sandra (22), a member of The Lesbian Left, a gay pressure group."*

I looked at the picture. Sue did look a bit like me. And then something clicked in my head. I grabbed the picture from Maggie's desk.

"Look!" I yelled. "No (exdels)." It was true – the figure in the pic had its legs well-parted as it stepped from the window, and there was no sign of the male genitalia!

It wasn't me!!

"Look, I've got (exdels)," I said.

"We'll just have to take your word for that, won't we, Ernest?" she said.

And she swept out.

Well, Titsy, what do you think? Seems to me we weren't alone under that table.

***Yes, Piggy. Looking back, I do seem to remember you had rather more hands than usual and a cold (exdel). Oh it makes me all funny. I've been with a lesbian! Oh, Piggy. Let's do it again!***

***PS: It will be a turn-up for the books if one of the lesbians finds she's pregnant! The feminists will be delirious! – Tits.***

*Pilbeam's hands are busy, so spoon-feeding is the order of the day*

Cheryl

Photographs by Paul Diamond

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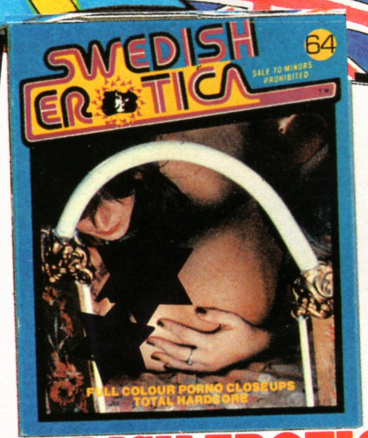


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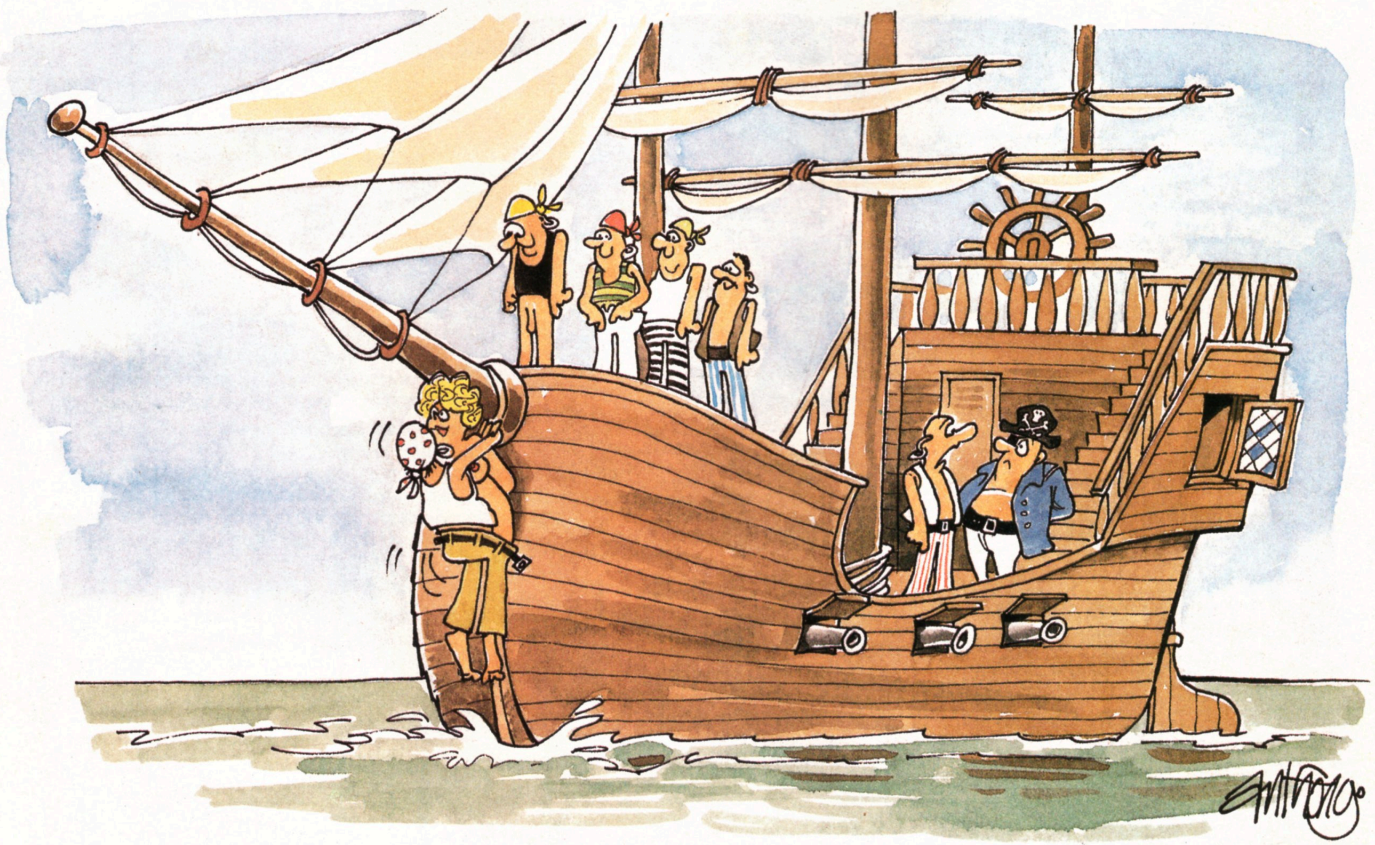

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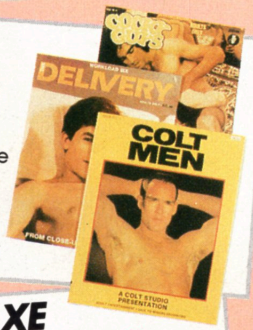


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# club Event

*You've all probably heard of the art of body painting, right? Some of our more loyal readers may even remember when we featured a set of tasty – and tasteful – body-painting pictures a couple of years back.*

*Well, it always has been the wont of* Club Event *girls to rewrite the rules of most of the activities they take part in, sometimes to the most extreme extent. So it came to pass, then, that the body painting which went on in our little extravaganza is about as subtle as a fart in a church.*

*And to think we'd gone to the bother of asking the sexy six to bring along some old clothes to keep the worst of the pigment off their person. You're right, of course; we should have bloody-well known better –* Club Event *girls as a rule (we've yet to find the exception) are high-spirited, over-active, mischievous, excitable and messy.*

*They also have the knack of being incredibly sexy while they're being messy, as you can plainly see. None of us in the office can remember the last time we picked up a paint brush in anger, but looking at these pictures certainly put us in the mood for a spot of exterior decorating of the feminine kind.*

*Best of all, though: what wouldn't you give to be the bloke, gallon of turps to hand, charged with the responsibility of cleaning up the nubiles afterwards . . . ?*

*Photographs by Paul Diamond*

# club Event

# club Event

# club SOAP

BEST

SWITCH ON TO THE ALTERNATIVE CHANNEL IN BRITAIN

## EPISODE FIVE

SCENE 1. WIN & LEW'S CAFE. MORNING

WIN is behind the counter, merrily slapping Stork on to a gigantic stack of bread slices. As she wields her knife like a true swashbuckler of the catering trade, she hums a snatch of "Like A Virgin" to herself, much to the amusement of the patrons, a motley bunch of barrow-boys, delivery drivers and peep-show dancers. Suddenly her husband, LEW, storms in from the back and draws her to one side, his face candy-pink with anger.

LEW: I want a word with you, you Jezebel.

WIN: (Wearily) Oh, what now?

LEW: What's this 'ere I found out the back there?

WIN: Ear? It's not that Van Gogh bloke been up to his tricks again, is it? I've told him about leaving his appendages all over the place. We'll have the Public Health Inspector round again . . .

LEW: All right, cut the wisecracks. (He thrusts a large vibrator in her face). It's this 'ere wot I'm talking about.

WIN: (Fingering the appliance) Crikey, them bananas are getting more unripe every time!

LEW: (Dancing with rage) Be serious, will you? (He brandishes the sex-aid in the air). Items like this have no place in a civilized marriage. It's a travesty of a respected institution, that's what it is. It makes me look a fool.

WIN: You were the one who said we should get a little help around the house, take the pressure off us.

LEW: I meant an au pair or a daily woman.

WIN: Yeah, you'd like that, wouldn't you?

Lew suddenly notices he has an audience: the diners have paused halfway through their fry-ups and are watching the contretemps with eager curiosity. Embarrassed, he hurriedly hides the vibrator under the counter and gives his customers a sickly smile. Storming out again, he pauses to give his wife a petrifying glare.

LEW: You haven't heard the last of this, not by a long chalk.

WIN: (Under her breath) If your chalk'd been a bit longer I wouldn't have had to shop around . . .

CUT TO: SCENE 2. ANGIE'S PAD

Enter ANGIE, followed closely by a bespectacled lad carrying a huge rucksack.

ANGIE: Come on, love. Put your rucksack down. Don't stand on ceremony. What's your name, anyway?

LAD: Gunther – as in ze famous Gunther Grass.

ANGIE: Really? The only grass I know anything about, love, is the stuff they play cricket on.

GUNTHER: Mein Gott! Herr Grass is one of ze most respected authors of our great Fatherland.

ANGIE: Well, let's not mix intellectualism with pleasure, shall we? No point in getting high-brow when your pants are round your ankles, that's what I say.

GUNTHER gives her a puzzled look, but proceeds to divest himself of his clothes. ANGIE cannot help a gasp of admiration as he pulls down his pants to reveal an implement of handsome specifications.

ANGIE: My oh my! That is a nice one, love. No wonder you Germans are famous for your liverwursts. Yummy sausages like that can do wonders for Anglo-German relations . . .

GUNTHER: Ja, let us be making the double-headed sex machine, baby.

ANGIE strips off in an excited haste and jumps on to the bed to spread her legs for the Teutonic titillator.

GUNTHER: Now, before I am starting to give you ze donner und blitzen thrill of a lifetime, my pretty Englander fraulein, you will be accepting ze traveller's cheques, ja?

ANGIE: I'd accept a handful of Peruvian loose change for the chance of riding an organ like that, Gunther, love . . .

CUT TO: SCENE 3. DAVE'S BARROW

DAVE is picking his nose meditatively as he watches the colourful moving tapestry of Soho folk going about their daily business. Wiping the sticky digit on his apron, he picks up a globe artichoke and twizzles it dexterously in his bear-like palm.

DAVE: Okay, folks, let's stop awhile, shall we? Let's pause from the hurly-burly of city life for a while to enjoy the wondrous sight of the vegetables of Venus . . .

CUSTOMER: Ere, 'e's getting a bit bleedin' poetic in his old age, int 'e?

DAVE: . . . you ain't seen globes like these for a long tim I'll be bound. These globes'd tempt a bleedin' saint, mark my words. Tell you what, darlin', ju to turn you on to the epicurean delights of these fibrous taste explosions I'll give you two globes for the price of one – can't say fairer than that, can I? I'll be making meself bankrupt, but I'll

# TENDERS

## S NAUGHTIEST SQUARE MILE. SCRIPT BY NICHOLAS WHITTAKER

always have the pleasure of knowing I brought sight to the gastronomic blind . . .

CUSTOMER: Cor, I reckon he must have been on that marry-je-whatsit stuff what that cricket chap smokes. I ain't never heard anything like it since that landlord at the Spotted Dog starts quoting bleedin' Troilus and Cressida at me old man that time . . .

CUT TO: SCENE 4. LIL'S SEX SHOP

LIL is sitting on her high stool at the counter reading through "True Love Stories" while her laconic pussy, Latex, sits in the corner chomping a bowlful of Whiskas. Suddenly LEW swishes into the shop, trailing the strips of the curtain behind him like the decorative feathers of a multicoloured bird of paradise.

LIL: Hello, we don't often see you in here, Lew.

LEW: I'm not usually in the habit of patronizing such establishments, staffed by pushers of perversion.

LIL: Cor, that's a bit strong, innit?

LEW: Not for the likes of people who'd jeopardize a good marriage by hawking their plastic junk to decent women.

LIL: We're all individuals with freedom of choice.

LEW: Don't try wriggling out of it with your little philosophical mottos. I hold you fully responsible for my wife's sudden display of wantonness.

LIL: Pleased to know I'm doing me job well, then.

LEW: Some people have got no morals.

LIL: Some people don't need them – life's a lot more fun without, I reckon.

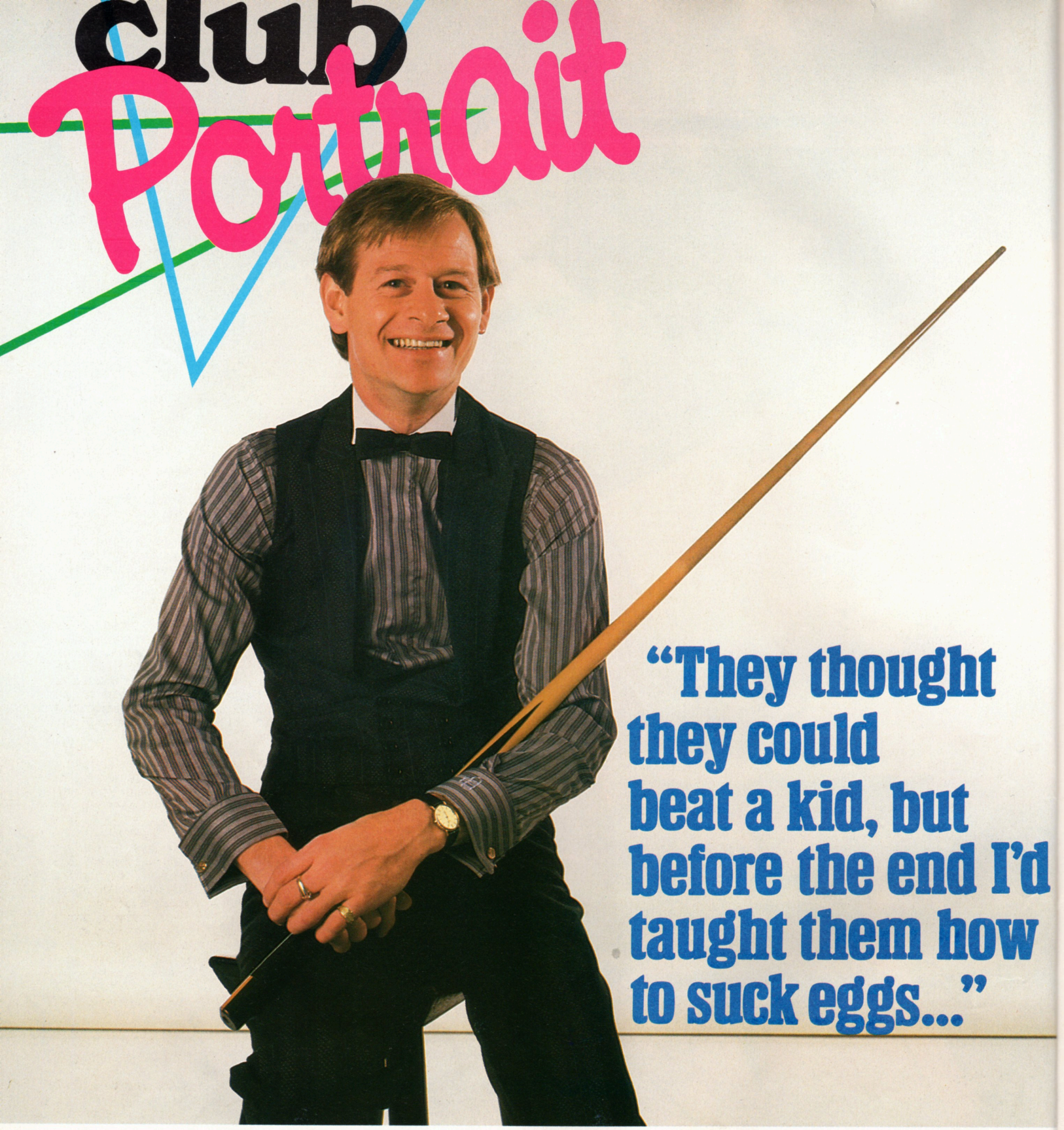
**Will Lew snap another inch off his long chalk? Will Dave interest the casual shopper in his globes? Will Angie hang out her washing on the Siegfried Line? Will the word will be drastically overused yet again? Twiddle your knobs and tune into next month's episode for another taste of life down the Best End . . .**

# Sheree

Photographs by John Copthorne

club

# club Portrait



## "They thought they could beat a kid, but before the end I'd taught them how to suck eggs..."

### Tym Manley talks to Alex "Hurricane" Higgins

They say – those who can't stand him – that Alex Higgins is arrogant – or worse, cocky.

I don't think it's true, but I think I know why they say it. In private he is quiet, a bit shy, rather introspective and self-critical. But he's always felt special.

"It's not so much feeling that, as *knowing* it," he says, and there is a part of the British character that cannot forgive people who know they're special. Even if they are.

Although very special at snooker, Alex is rather vulnerable as a man. He is emotional, truthful; he takes people into his confidence and expects them to respect that. Mix that sort of personality with the huge publicity machine that is modern snooker and with the delight of the British – and their Press – in dragging down their own heroes and you can see how Higgins has been hurt a good deal.

Not that that sort of thing will make him quit. Alex Higgins is the sort of man who *never* knows when he's beaten. He'll always come back to prove he can take it, and still be the best.

Essentially, though, as he says, Alex is a hustler. He would like to be able to practise obsessively, eight hours a day, in a quiet snooker club full of Runyanesque characters he can trust: practise in the shadows for the big game, when he will prove who's best over as many frames as it takes. And then fade back into his practise environment again.

But modern snooker doesn't allow that. He has been dragged out into a world where everything he does is done in the public eye, where he often cannot get in the concentrated practise which he needs to make him a great player, and where he has to travel (which he dislikes). He faces continued pressure rather than the short, big-match rush of the hustler.

He's not a victim of that new world, of course, because he's taken it all and won. And he will win again.

But, listening to him talk, you feel the generation gap. Most of those at the top today came into the game

when snooker was already show-biz. They were prepared for the tripfalls of fame. They could get help in handling the media. Their managers taught them how to act in public, who to trust.

But, for Alex, the spotlight came into the dark corners of the snooker club when he was already near the top. He'd formed his style and his relationship with the public. He didn't think he needed to hide his faults and he probably wouldn't have wanted to, anyway. Exposed on television, he found that the public loved him for his weaknesses. And the Press loved him or hated him, depending on what they felt would sell newspapers.

"Well, if that's the price I have to pay for being close to the public, then I'll pay it," says Alex.

## Popularity

It is also the price he has had to pay for the amazing surge in popularity of his game. That has been the big factor through his 22-year career.

We met in the Piccadilly Hotel. It used to be rather down-at-heel, the Piccadilly – a snooker venue where Joe Davis saw the young Alex, and said: "If Alex is playing, the rest don't have to turn up."

Now the Piccadilly has a new image, a new name. It's luxurious. Alex and I sit in plush chairs in a discreet bar. It's all very classy.

Snooker's changed in much the same way. When Alex first won the World Championship in 1972, the match wasn't even televised. When he won again in '82 it was a TV spectacular, and he was a notorious character whose private life was open to ravage by the media, and who stood to make a fortune if he became snooker's top man. The question was: could the erratic Higgins eat the pressure of a modern final and win?

Answer: Of course!

***In '82, you really played unlike yourself. You played beautifully controlled snooker all the way through.***

I know, but it wasn't satisfying.

***Why not?***

Well it was satisfying from the point of view that I won a modern-day championship. But it wasn't satisfying for me because I wasn't playing attacking snooker.

## Kill Quick

I played controlled stuff because I had a rubbish cue. I couldn't go for long balls because the tip was like rubber, so I had to wait until I got in close. When I did, I made the 50s and 60s you need to win a game, and then I put my opponents in trouble.

Well, we all know I can play safe. There are times when you *must* play safe. But it's not the way I prefer to play. I like to combine safety and attack, rather than rely as much on safety as I did in '82.

***You want to win in style, if you win? You don't want to grind like Cliff Thorburn?***

No, no. I'd rather kill quick!

***That's amazing. I rang round a lot of sports writers before I came to see you and they said: "The best he ever played was in '82 – calm, controlled stuff." And you're sitting there saying you hated that.***

Well I'm only telling you the truth from my point of view. It's a pity they didn't televise 1972, because that *was* a bit special. I played John Spencer when he was at his best. We played 73 frames and after nine sessions we were level.

And it was great snooker. He was screwing up and down the table and so was I – you don't see so many deep screws on television these days – but we brought out all the shots. And that was using the older equipment; the heavy balls that we call rocks.

## Character

But the great thing was the closeness of the match. On the Thursday I went six ahead, one after another. But he came back to get it down to two, and in the last games he was 50 ahead in every game. He didn't make a mistake. And I still came back to win.

***It sounds as if you're trying to live up to some flamboyant image: the guy who fights back from behind, something like that?***

It's just the feeling that you're never beat. Spencer showed character to fight back from six down. Then I showed character to come back to win three he had in his pocket.

***It's a good feeling?***

Yes, to know you can do that under the most extreme pressure.

***You're called The People's Champion. Who called you that? The Press?***

It was . . . well, I think it was me who started it.

***Is that what you feel you are? And what does it mean?***

Yes, I feel that. I think I'm the one who tries to please the public most. They know I'm working for them and trying to excite them. You know – give them a bit of sport. I'm talking about people who have hard jobs and like a bit of sport to relax them, on the box or at a snooker venue.

***You feel you're a working-class hero?***

Put it that way if you like. I don't mind being described in the same line as John Lennon. He wasn't a bad man.

***You feel a desire to entertain?***

Yes. It's something I happen to have. I think the public see that.

***Why do people love the way you play? Is it because you're a little erratic? Like us, you're not perfect.***

Nobody's perfect.

***Steve Davis seems to come near it at times, as a player, and he isn't loved in the same way you are.***

I'm lucky enough to be unique in that I'm loved in victory and loved in defeat. I don't know why. It may be because I can stretch myself to the limit. And they can see that in my body movements. And people have said I use the implements well. I don't mess about.

***When John Virgo does his impression of you, he paces up and down like a caged animal. That's something he's picked up playing with you. Do you feel as haunted as he makes you look?***

At times I do. I'd be lying if I said I didn't, but it's something you have to live with.

It's very difficult at times when I haven't been able to put the practise in to give me the confidence to win. And in the last few years I have been taken away from my practise routine.

I've had to travel. Well, I've never driven a car and I find it hard to get from A to B carrying a suitcase like a travelling salesman. Add to that that I've become notorious, and that makes it hard for me to go into a club and practise.

***You get bothered?***

You get interrupted, put it that way. It's been hard for me to find an environment where there are five or six lads whose company I enjoy, who I play with regularly. And I'm the sort of player who needs to practise like that, every day.

***Another reason for your popularity may be that you're an inspirational player. You can be brilliant, and you can be bloody awful.***

I've lost from winning positions and I've won from losing positions, yes. It's down to a little bit of inspiration and a lot of preparation.

***How do you feel out there with the lights, the cameras and the audience?***

I don't notice it. I think you *should* notice it, because if you do, you can take all that power from the audience – and from the technicians and everybody. You can take that nervous energy and channel it. I can do that sometimes.

***It's confidence that really matters, I guess. There's not all that much difference between the top players technically; it's how they use their skills on the day.***

That all comes down to practise. I hate to keep harping on that, but it's the truth. If you've been able to practise for three weeks – six, seven or eight hours a day – then you've got a chance of walking into the cauldron and producing there what you've been turning out every day.

Two weeks isn't enough. You can freeze if you've only done two.

I need to play eight hours a day – playing for money. I enjoy playing for tenners, giving people handicaps and all that. It makes me try on a competitive level.

If I've done that for three weeks, I can handle the cauldron. But to really take over, I need five weeks. After five weeks, you can walk in and dictate.

## Uncertainty

Last time I did that sort of practise was before the Coral, when I beat Davis from 7–0 behind. And who in the world wants to give Davis a seven-game start?

I'd been playing pros and winning 25–2. I was buzzing. But when you go into an arena to entertain the public, there is still uncertainty. I was playing that well, but to take that into the arena I needed the other two weeks just to put the fine blade over my game.

***It sounds as if what we spectators consider to be "nerves" is in a different league. You've already allowed for the pressures and built in the nerves before you go in there.***

You use the pressure. And after a tournament, if we started again, I feel I could go through everybody. It's like a boxer after going 15 rounds. He wants to go in and start over again.

That's the essence of being a pro snooker player – being at the table every day.

***And coping with pressure?***

Yes. That's why, these days, snooker is becoming a game for younger and younger people. They can handle the pressure better and put in the practise. The older you get, the harder it is to play snooker eight hours a day.

If you like golf or a beer, it's there. It's very easy to have a beer and watch a video.

***Are you getting too old?***

It's not that I'm getting too old – I think I'm a special case. But my contemporaries, Reardon and Spencer, they're no longer in the top 16 and I can't see them coming back. Equally, there are a lot of younger players who will take up the reins in five years' time.

***You see them going around the country?***

No, I see them going around the world. Snooker's going international. I'm taking it with Framework, my new management agency. We've taken teams to Hong Kong, Belgium, all over. There's no language barrier with a ball game, and ball games produce geniuses from all over the world.

***You're not hanging your cue up just yet?***

I think I've got four or five good years in me yet, and I've set my heart on one more World Championship.

***The Press has been building you up as a tragic genius; a man with fantastic skill who is destroying himself, and all that malarky. Is that how you see yourself?***

I see myself from every other side. I look at myself and I see my faults, but I also see the reasons for them.

## Pressures

The problems I have had are not due to inborn faults so much as the fact that I've been thrown into a world where I have to travel. I've been taken away from my practise environment and I've had to go. That's produced pressures which I haven't always handled as well as I might.

Now I'm with my agency, that's not such a problem. They're making room for me to practise and organizing my schedule better. For example, I can do this interview with you without having to dash to Euston and catch a train in half an hour.

***Is that what has tended to make you erratic as a player? The nomadic lifestyle? I say you're erratic because that's the image you have, although, looking over your record, you seem a pretty good bet to be somewhere in the frame. Do you feel erratic?***

I feel I'm erratic because, as I say, I'm a player who needs a lot of practice, and it's been rare to have three weeks off before a tournament.

It's always there, the ability; it's all there in my hands. But I can't always produce it without putting in the work.

***What age were you when you started playing?***

I started at about the age of 11. I went right in at the deep end; I joined the YMCA and played there.

***This was in Belfast. What was your background?***

Lower-middle class, you could say. Father worked in the shipyard. I had three sisters. None of my family played snooker.

***So why did you start?***

I wanted to play in the league. That was the great thing then. There was no snooker on the television as there is now. I wasn't aware of it then, but, looking back, I think I was searching for something to get me away from the environment I was born into. I just didn't fancy spending the rest of my life in Belfast.

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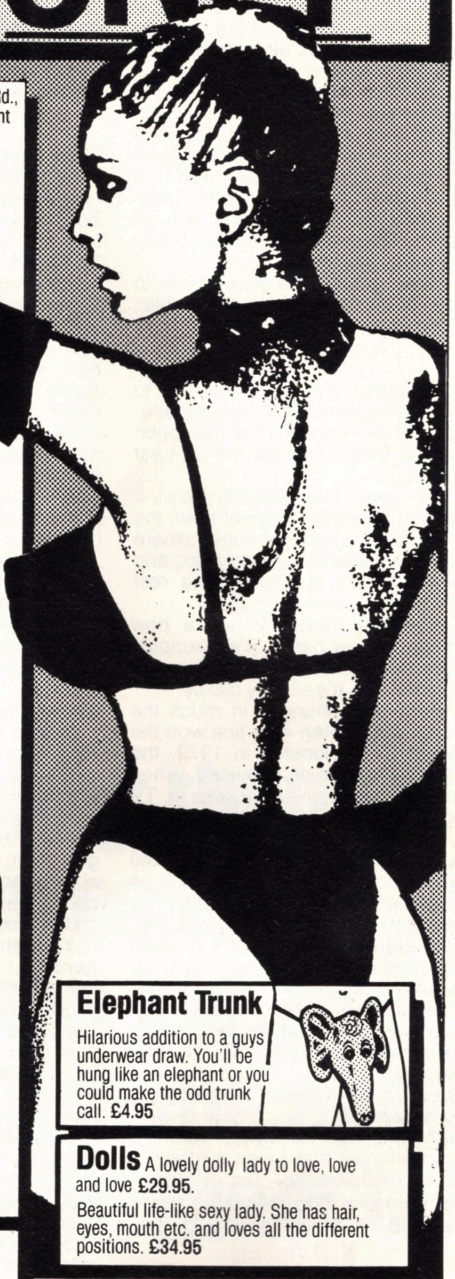

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***Were you a genius? Did it just come naturally to you?***

I suppose so. No one else in my family played, and I never had a coach or anything.

***You felt you were special?***

It wasn't so much feeling it as knowing it. I just felt that, no matter how long a man stood over a snooker table, I could stand there longer. And the longer I stood there the better chance I had of coming out on top.

***You were playing for money in your early teens?***

Yes, I was a hustler – one of the better ones. I could stand up and be counted with a grown man at the age of 13. It helped because they thought they could beat a kid, but before the end I'd taught them how to suck eggs.

***Did you ever have a proper job?***

I had hundreds. I once had four jobs in one day. I was messenger boy for the Irish Linen Company, that sort of thing. But, really, apart from two years in the racing stables trying to become a jockey, I've been playing snooker for money from that time on.

***How did you do at school?***

I didn't come from a background that was very inspiring as regards schooling. We were more practical people.

***It was a matter of leave as soon as you can and get a job?***

It was my idea to go to the stables and learn to be a jockey. I came over to East Hendred. But after a couple of years, I gave that up and went back to play snooker.

## Good Players

I hadn't played at all in East Hendred – there was only the Conservative Club – but within a year I was winning. I became Northern Ireland Billiards Champion, then All-Ireland Champion. I was keeping my whole family in turkeys by winning the Christmas Handicaps for a couple of years, and then I decided to bugger off. And I've been over here ever since.

***Was there money in snooker in those days?***

Some. But it wasn't the money I wanted. It was good players I was after. I was going to find who was any good at the game and beat them.

***Do you remember your first game for big money?***

I remember one hustler – a Jewish guy called Jacky Glass. He was based in Manchester, I think. He was running about the North-West playing people for what was big money in those days. Fifty quid, that sort of thing.

He eventually played me. It was a bit like *High Noon*. He had his bagman, and all the rest of it. Hymie and Abie, all that.

I turned around and played him. And I remember thinking: "He's not bad, but he can't win because he wants to conserve all the time. He won't attack." He played me about three times and each time he walked away with no money. I'd taken everything.

After about his third visit, I said: "After this, I don't want you to come back; I'm getting to like you." I gave him an extra 30 over the handicap I was already giving him and it was *bang, bang, bang*; right in. And that was the last I saw of Jacky Glass.

But he's very well-known amongst the Jewish fraternity and the gamblers around Manchester.

***You seem to like the seedy, half-world life that snooker attracts.***

I've always been a fan of Damon Runyan, and I live in a world where we have the same type of characters. It's great to mix with characters. The world goes round and the money goes round . . .

***So that was to be your life – flitting around snooker clubs taking on the big man?***

Mmmmm. It's taking on the hustler. I am a hustler, and that's where I got my kicks. I'd give them any handicap they wanted, and I was a man for all seasons. I could play under any circumstances – on my table, on their table, on the floor, it didn't matter.

***Then suddenly professional snooker started to produce a bit of money . . . Did you find it as satisfying as hustling?***

Well, no. Because when I was hustling, I was going out to work every day. I was practising every day, playing on any table. I remember Table Four very well. That was really tight, and when I wanted to punish myself, I'd go on that table and make 100 breaks on it just to confound people. That's my skill.

***What causes this desire to prove you're better than anyone else under any circumstances?***

It's just something I have. I remember losing my first game in the league against a guy who shouldn't have been let into the same room. I lost through nerves. I realized that night that you have to eat the pressure if you're going to win. I won my next 31 games.

***You're very single-minded about the game – I guess you have to be to win – but don't you feel you're bordering on the neurotic sometimes?***

You dream about snooker.

***Do you feel you should be dreaming about it?***

It's important you do.

***Snooker's taken over your life?***

Wholly. You're always thinking about how to win.

***There will come a time when you won't win any more. How will you handle that?***

It happens to the best, doesn't it? I don't know how I'll handle it. But I think it's still about four or five years adrift.

***The Press says that, although you're popular with audiences, you don't get on with the other players. Is that true?***

It's six of one and half a dozen of the other. There are four or five cliques of players. You can't expect us all to hit it off.

***I suppose the story is that you aren't friends with Steve Davis.***

Well, I don't find him that interesting.

***When you think about it, snooker players are nice, but ordinary guys. Do you think your eccentric approach stands out because the rest are dead dull? I mean, if you were a tennis player, no one would notice.***

Well, I suppose that's true, more or less. And what would tennis be without Jimmy Connors and McEnroe? Everyone admired Borg, but you've got to have characters in any game.

***Admiring characters as you do, do you find modern snooker is a bit too clean and nice for you?***

No, not at all. It's a very exacting game and it has to be played clean and nice. To me, playing that way is part of feeling special.

## Never Cheat

Our game is a very honourable one. We accept the referees' decisions, although, half the time, they're wrong. I would hate to see it get like motor racing, where you sometimes see drivers chinning each other.

We never get into those situations. We never go as far as thumping another snooker player because we are honourable. They say people are even cheating in golf now, but snooker players never cheat at all.

***Hang on! You got a bit cross with Rex Williams a while back because of the way he played.***

Well, I've known Rex for years. He's the sort of man who – well, he knows how to lose . . . it's just that he's perfected the art of taking a long time losing. He'll slow the game down, he'll play deliberate misses.

He beat me last year after I got kicked by a horse. Actually, I was shaping to win that championship: I beat Dennis (Taylor), the champion. But then the horse business got out to the Press and I was beseiged by paparazzi. That really put the pressure on.

***Do they bait you, the gentlemen of the Press?***

Well, I'm not exactly comfortable in their presence.

***All we hear is: Alex is a drunk, Alex snorts coke, Alex throws TVs through windows. Why do you think they pick on you?***

I sell newspapers.

***Is what they write true?***

Not really. And when it is, they misinterpret everything.

***Did you throw the TV?***

Well, that was a chivalrous act. It was either thump the missus, or the telly had to go. I chose the telly. It was only a portable – I couldn't have lifted a big one.

***I'm interested in why people like you – or Ian Botham, say – become victims of the Press.***

It's the old business. They're the ones who put you up there, and they're the ones who are supposed to knock you down. I feel like a Ming vase . . . never seen in public unless it's going in or out of the repair shop.

***But why you? You could avoid all that. You could do a Bob Dylan on them and never say anything that can't be taken three ways. You could avoid giving them anything. But it seems as if you don't want to disappoint them. You always give them a story. Is it that you prefer to be in the papers as a notorious character, say, than not in them at all?***

No, not at all. That was a terrible thing for me. It was a case of me helping someone – Kirk Stevens – who meant a lot to me. I tried to help in a genuine way, but, if you move in certain circles, you get tarred with the same brush. I got mentioned because the papers know how easy-going I am. A lot of times in the past I should have been sueing, but I was advised against it – wrongly. It made them see me as an easy target because I never did anything about it no matter what they said.

***Do you respect the Press?***

Not particularly. The journalists are just doing a job, and what comes out depends on how devious the editor is and the people upstairs. A few journalists I trust. But they only have to cross me once and that's it. Because if someone gives me a confidence, I keep it – and that's what I expect of others.

***What they've written must have affected your personal life.***

Yes. They've put me in bad situations in my private life. And it's had an effect psychologically.

***In what way?***

Well, you walk down the street and you feel ashamed because of what's been written, and there's no way you can defend yourself.

***Why not?***

Because when you are a personality you become larger than life to people, and they will believe what they want to about you. It's not just the Press. Take my personal appearances. I would go and entertain 500 people. And I used to do signed posters of myself as well. But I stopped doing that, because, out of those 500, there were five who didn't like me and they'd buy a poster to get close enough to say so. They just came for trouble.

## More Relaxed

These are people who had never met me – didn't know me from Adam – but they had an attitude towards me.

And then I'm a sportsman, I'm not in show business. I don't just do my act and then disappear. I'm performing night in, night out, with the public all around me. If I do have faults, they're going to show.

***Alex, are you a rich man?***

I'm steady.

***And enjoying your life?***

I'm more relaxed now with Framework. Everything's being done more professionally. When we go abroad, I'm more relaxed flying. And it's nice to take snooker around the world. We've got a great team which includes myself, Tony Knowles, John Parrott . . . it's good to play in countries where my reputation doesn't precede me!

***How do you see the future?***

I want to do well over the next three years. I'd dearly love to win another World Championship. That is what I've set my heart on – if not this season, maybe next. I'm not looking at any other tournament, because the only thing that has any credence with me is the big one.

***You've just written a book. Is this the one that's going to blow the lid off snooker?***

It's not as explosive as that. It's more an insight into my life as a professional snooker player.

***Explaining yourself to the public?***

I could be, I suppose. It's generally about myself, with a couple of others mentioned briefly. Snooker players at the moment are on tenterhooks, anyway.

***Why, because they know it's coming out?***

Yeah.

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**Alex Higgins' book, *Through the Looking Glass*, is published by Pelham Books at £9.95.**

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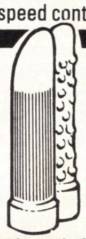

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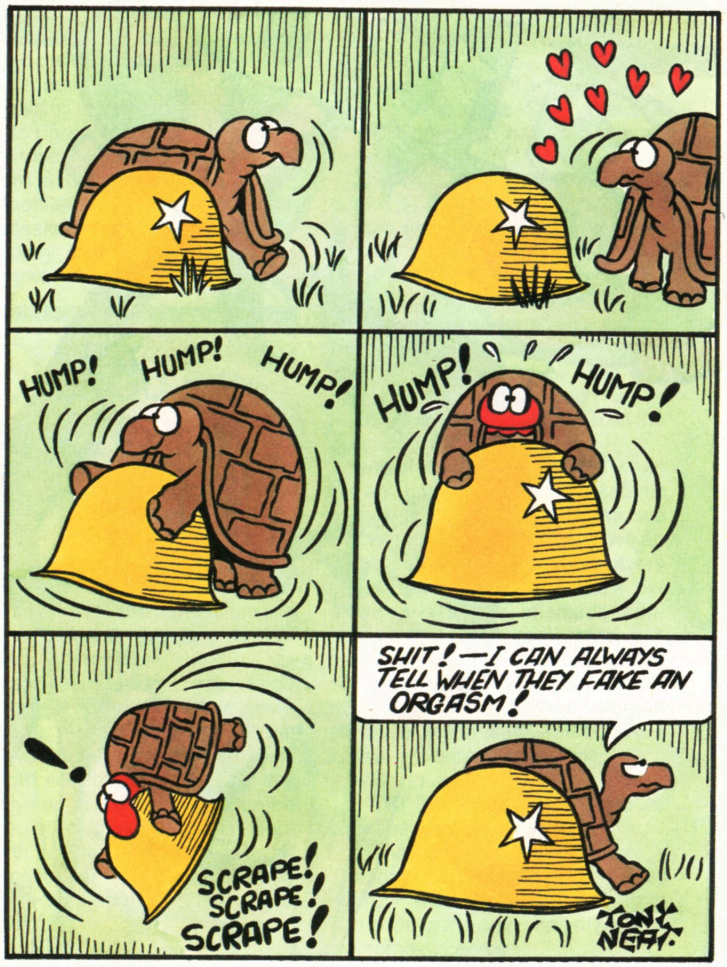
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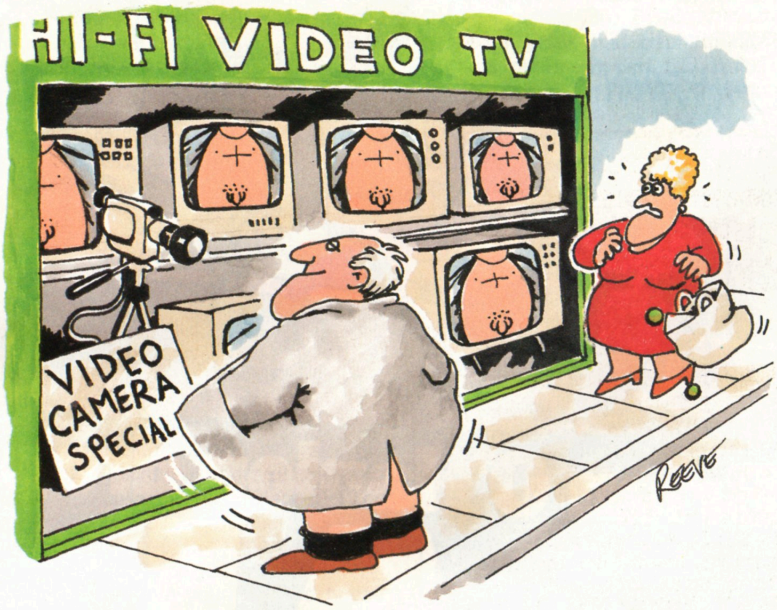
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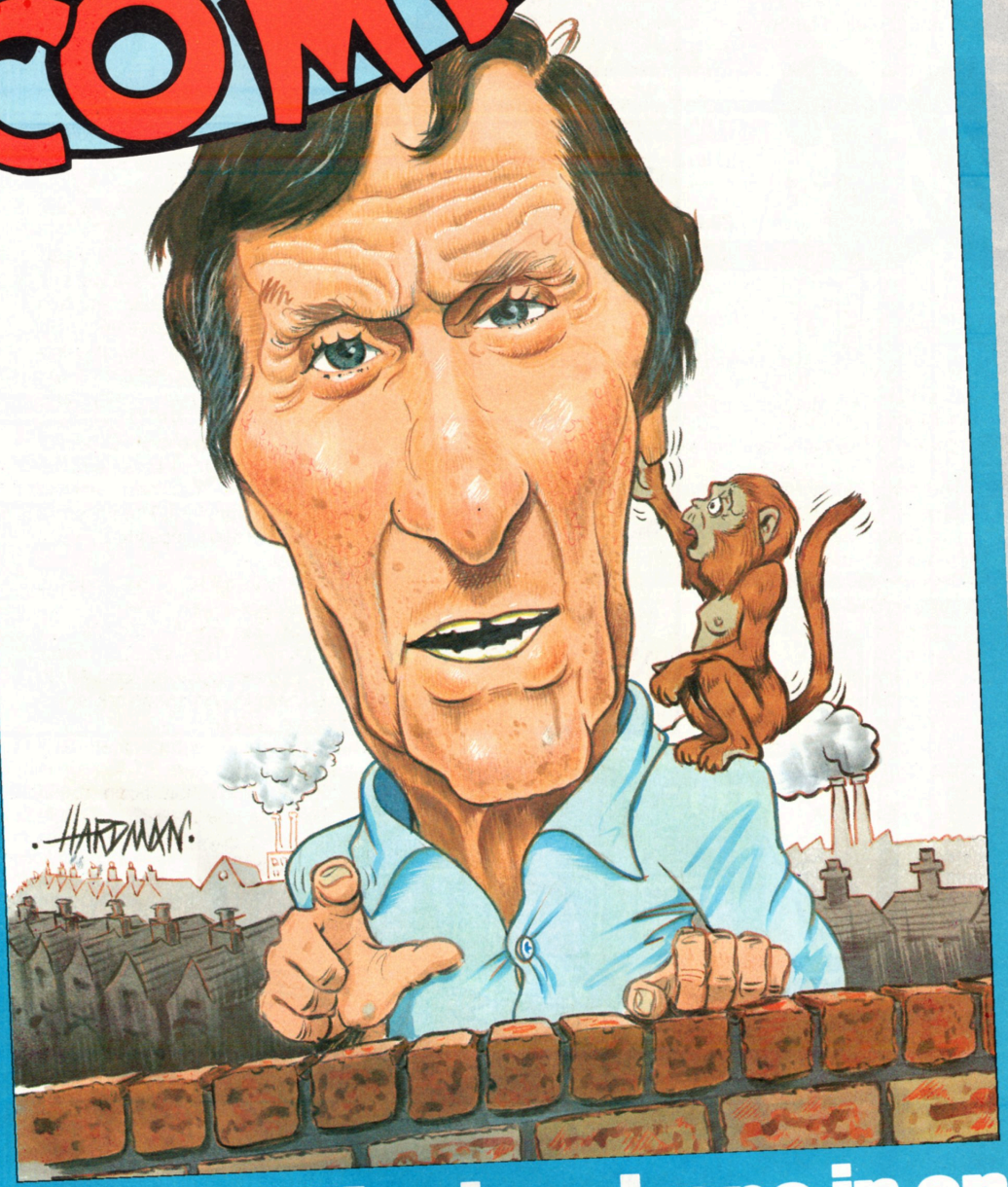


Illustration by Paul Hardman

# Brian O'Hanlon drops in on AL READ

The mellifluous tones crack into *Minder*-type Londonese. "Going to Buckingham Palace, are we? That why you're hiring the whistle 'specially? Oh yeah . . . Aren't we all!"

Al Read sits back in the former gardener's cottage of what he calls his 18,000-acre studio in Wensleydale, North Yorkshire, recounting the time he was asked to appear at the staff Christmas concert at Windsor, before George VI and Queen Elizabeth.

Al is someone I instinctively address as Mister. Rather archaic, perhaps, for 1986, but he has a boardroom presence. Not surprising, really. Until a few years ago he was head of the family sausage and pork pie business in his native Lancashire. Something he ran, for many years, in tandem with a show biz career.

Read is an original. When he began his characterisations and his vignettes of human life, back in the early '50s, no one had done it before. He is, perhaps, the link man between the "I say, I say, I say," comic from the end of the pier, and the smartly-suited social comic commentators of today.

## Attractive Wife

He is back in England at his retreat in Herriot country, with his attractive former top model wife, Elizabeth, to record a clutch of four vintage Read routines for the BBC and to promulgate a talking-book as a follow-on to his recent autobiography, *Al Read. It's All In The Book*, published by W. H. Allen. It transpires that the book was a trailer, part of what the Americans would call his *game plan*, for his best vehicle – his voice.

He is a businessman, first and foremost, and a shrewd marketing expert into the bargain. Marvellous to interview, but difficult to write down. The written word is like the telly. Not his favourite medium. He has a set in his home on Lord Bolton's estate, but it is shuttered and silent with its back to the whitened wall where its presence cannot interrupt him.

Mr and Mrs Read are over from their villa in Spain. When we meet, my tape recorder packs up (again). Mr. Read approves, and gets on with his Windsor Castle story.

"I'm staying at the Charing Cross Hotel. The phone rings. A very well spoken voice (it switches on) says: 'Mr Read? My name is Piers Leigh. I am Master of The Royal Household. Would you be available to perform before His Majesty, The King, at Windsor?'

"Well," says Al, slipping back into his normal cultured North Country tones, "I think it's someone such as Donald Peers pulling my leg. 'Oh, yeah . . .' I reply. 'Oh, yeah!' I put down the phone, and then the counter reaction. It slowly dawns that it could be the real thing. I have no dinner jacket, so I go down to Moss Bros, which is where all the fun starts.

"The disbelieving Cockney assistant asks who I am: I tell him, but

he's still not sure. 'OK, then; say "Right Monkey"!' he says to me. I feel a bit foolish. *Right Monkey* in the middle of Moss Bros. But I say it. 'Blimey, yore 'im, arncher? Hey, Fred, c'mere, an' lissunta this. Go on, say *Right Monkey* to 'im!' Feeling even more foolish I oblige. 'OK, 42 chest, 30 leg? Fred, nick the soup and fish off the model (translation: remove the dinner suit from the dummy), git orl the gear; cummerbund, shirt, tie 'n' all. Less av' it a bit smartish for Mister Read 'ere. Wossat? Mr. Rosenberg? Bin waitin' 20 minutes? Tell 'im to take a wander . . .'

"At Windsor Castle," says Mr Read, "I arrive clutching it all in an obvious Moss Bros cardboard box, with handle. Everyone is extremely courteous. I am ushered into my dressing room. I go to unpack the suit, then I stand back and think. What am I doing? What am I trying to prove? I'll go on as I am. In houndstooth, Savile Row cut, hacking jacket, and cavalry twills. As Terry Thomas observed, 'Twill do!' I do the show. We finish. I am in line awaiting presentation to the King. I did 'The Gardener' routine because I knew that the King was a very keen gardener.

"'You must be rather keen?' said the King.

"'Well, sir', I replied. 'At the moment I don't seem to get enough time to potter about in my garden'.

"'Quite so', murmured His Majesty. 'Exactly *my* problem . . .'"

## Inimitable

We talk about the first time Al and Elizabeth came to inspect *White Lodge*, their cottage. "I had a Rolls parked outside. Lord Bolton happened to pass, with the Earl of Bute.

"'Who the devil's that parked outside the gardener's cottage, Bolton?' asks the Earl.

"'Oh', replied His Lordship. 'The gardener. Do you think I'm paying him too much?'"

Funny, but a damn sight funnier when the situation becomes verbalised and injected with dialect and timing in the inimitable Read manner.

Al Read's father once said to his son: "Remember, what you don't control, you cannot trust." Something that has always stayed with him, especially when keeping his independent distance from impresarios such as the late Jack Hylton, and agents. People, show folk and businessmen, deal with Mr Read direct, through no intermediaries. Well, one. His wife, Elizabeth.

"She's marvellous," he confides, over the quarter-cut salmon paste and ham sandwiches. "Women are much better than we are at discussing money, you know!"

The talking book will have brand new Read routines. He makes the point that, unlike Norman Evans' over the garden fence north country dialect skits, his is both talker *and* listener, done without costume elaboration. I nearly choke over the salmon paste when he tells me about the Stonemason's assistant and his governor talking to a business acquaintance on the phone.

"'Got any eight foot six angels, 'Erbert? No eights this week? Pity . . . only it's for a stockbroker's wife. What's that? 'Ow's yon lad getting on? Eh, he's useless. Long 'air an' all. As I'm talking to you he's chipping away wi' chisel out int yard. Aw, bloody 'eck . . . He's put two "D"s in Death! Well, blimey, you can only go once!'"

There is more than a passing touch of gallows humour in North Country amusement. I am taken back to the funeral of Al's youth. Of cobblestoned streets, the house with its curtains drawn, and the little boy – the urchin – with 40lbs of sausages in his basket, balanced precariously on one arm as he rings the doorbell with his free hand. The bereaved widow answers the door and goes into a routine about her late hubby's demise.

"I heard a thud. I went up, and there he is ont' landing . . . all 17 stone of 'im . . . Well, I ask yer . . . I banged the wall for 'elp, but the neighbours pretended to be out . . . Eventually I go up and body's gone from landing. He's sitting up in bed reading paper, he is. 'What's the matter, luv?' he says to me . . . Well, it's not nice, I can tell yer. Not for when it really happens . . . too late for sympathy then is what I say . . ."

It's rich. It's broad. It's Lancashire, and it's happening *today*. Al inclines his head forward and stabs a finger down on the table to underscore the point.

"I have not been heard on radio for so long. That's because the BBC wiped off the old tapes in their archives. Nothing, from 1950 to 1976! The whole lot gone. Would I record some more? Well, why not? But let's do a book, and then a *talking* book! SOUND is the winner. 25 million listeners to car cassettes, and the BBC say there's only one Read. Well, I did four 15-minute spots – certainly Radio 2 and probably Radio 4. Then I return from Spain, October/November, to do four more.

"You see, there's so much I have never done before. It certainly is NOT a rehash. Have you heard the loudspeaking voice at the airport? 'The flaight is delayed . . . the flaight is forty-faive minutes late . . . will passenger Smith *please* go *at once* . . .'"

It's true. It happens every minute of the long day at Heathrow and Gatwick to my certain knowledge. The human-less voice "off". Mechanical, without warmth or finesse, just speaking words.

The dust jacket of his autobiography makes the point. Al Read is a philosopher-comic with a salt and vinegar Salford background, where 'brass' means money first, and what you polish afterwards. His father used to park the firm's van deliberately inconveniently outside Old Trafford when he took Al to Saturday football. A ritual. On cue the loudspeakers would bellow: "Would somebody shift Read's meat van. It's parked illegally." His pictures from life include the football terrace loudmouth, and the one in the Doctor's waiting room.

"Have you brought your bed? You'll need it the way we're going on here! I'll say you'll need it the way we're going on in here! Well, you can see for yourself . . . all this side . . . up to that lady in the green hat . . . right up to that bus conductor with the black eye – and for your information he hadn't got *that* when he came in here . . . then you're after that."

> "Mr Read? Would you be able to perform before His Majesty the King . . . ?"

## Ludicrous

His big soccer match routine vies with *The Gardener* and *The Decorator* as vintage Read.

"Come on the Reds. Get stuck into 'em.

"Nicely! Oh, lovely, Cunliffe!

(Groan of disappointment from the crowd)

"Well, you big nellie. He's no idea!

"What's the matter with Darnley?

"Does he want a ball of his own?

"Come in number seven!

"Why don't they drop him and play his missus?"

The football know-all, whether it's Man United or Alf Garnett going on about West Ham.

The Read antenna for spotting the ludicrous covers those who would blind us with science in *The Decorator*.

"'Ardyado'.

"'Er, how do you do?'

"'I believe you want the house decorating through?'

"'Er, no. Not *through*. It's just a little room at the top. You see, my wife's mother . . .'

"'Is this your own house – have you bought it?'

"'Er, yes'.

"'Pity!'

"'Is it?'

"'Bad property this. Built on sand, you know. All sinking. The wall's bellying'.

"'Pardon?'

"'What we call *bellying*. Out about a foot is that. See what I mean. Stand behind me. Just look over my shoulder. See? All have to come down. Builder's job is that. You see, if we take your wall down your garage has to come with it. You know what you've got here?'

"'Er, no?'

"'*Wet* rot! Watch what happens when I jump on it. See? Watch it crack! Come and have a crack wi' me . . .'"

Copyists and plagiarists don't bother Al Read one bit. That's why he has written nuggets of his more famous monologues into an autobiography. Why he is following that up with a talking book. Why he doesn't give a *right monkey* for the *monster* of television, as he calls it. Cannily and typically, he uses it to his own advantage, such as a Parkinson interview. "I wrote all the questions myself!" he winks.

One of his best moments is when we are back to the North's satanic mills and little streets with the two women who never seem to move an inch from where they gossip every day of their lives. Mr Read's expression becomes affectedly concerned. His hands are placed in a high cross over his chest. He fiddles with an imaginary bra-strap, and the transformation into the woman character is complete. The accent is knife-edge broad Lancashire.

"'So, er . . .

"'Oh! She says . . . as good as you, she says . . . anyhow.

"'That was on the Monday . . . Tuesday . . . Thursday . . . *Friday* night. I know because our Annie had gone to the chip shop and she'd got some . . . some . . .

"'Oh no . . . before that . . . I should have told you.

"'Then Frank had been round . . . he'd had one or two . . . I could see that. He says, "What's all this about our Nellie?"

"'I never let – Oh . . . he said – I said . . . Oh no – She jumped up – she said –

"'Well *somebody's* been talking . . .'"

## MY FAVOURITE GAG

"One of my father's. A friend boasted he knew of a Liverpool pub where for a shilling he could get a pint, a pie, a packet of Woodbines, *and* a woman. My father drew on his pipe. 'Couldn't have been much meat in that pie . . .'"

# HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA

The Misadventures of a Sloane Ranger. Edited by Nigel Buxton. Illustrated by Paul Cemmick

Charles and Henrietta Eaton-Squire, our upper middle class anti-heroes, have cashed in their wisteria-clad des. res. in SW3 and moved south of the Thames to the land of the kebab house, the turquoise Datsun, and low rates. Their move "backwards" (in property dabblers' parlance) has left them appreciably in the black – as it were. Indeed, the Eaton-Squires are positively awash with loot, and the locals – in true South London tradition – prepare to relieve them of it.

It's Saturday morning, and the ringing phone arouses Henrietta from yet another Premature Burial dream, brought on, as ever, by falling asleep beneath the considerable bulk of her husband during their obligatory Friday night get-together.

"Charles wake up and get *awf* me, will you?" wails our sluttish Sloane. "Some chappie wants to sell you two sets of cheap wheels."

Charles' right eye opens, suspiciously, and he fumbles between Henrietta's ripe breasts for the receiver. Muttering incoherently into the mouthpiece, he rolls out of bed, opens the Austrian blinds, and looks down into the street below. The Volvo estate and Henrietta's new GTi cabrio are perched, minus wheels, on housebricks.

"It's *our* wheels he wants me to buy," says Charles, belching, getting back into bed, and burying his unshaven features in Henrietta's pubic bush.

"Charles!" snaps Henrietta, tetchily. "Do you have to?"

"Well how the hell else are we going to get to the golf club for lunch?" asks her loving husband, pausing to extricate a pubic hair trapped in his incisors.

"And I've got to stick £50 up your exhaust," he continues.

"Oh, you animal!" shrieks Henrietta gleefully, libido loosened by the mention of

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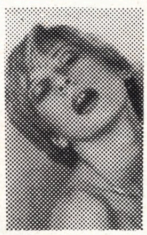

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## Adult Collection C

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**Video Show**

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# HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA

money, grabbing Charles' ears (in much the same way you'd grab the grips of a pneumatic drill), pulling his blubbery lips hard against her crotch.

"Er, no, dahling," explains Charles, patiently. "In exchange for the wheels. It's called blackmail, I believe."

Henrietta extricates herself from Charles' gnashing chops and walks to the window, observing that her cherished vehicle is, indeed, wheel-less. She then wiggles across the room to the back window, where she stands, naked, brushing her hair and watching Winston, her super-fit young neighbour and occasional lover, performing his customary early-morning push-ups, beside him what looks suspiciously like a trolley jack and a wheel spanner. Winston looks up cheerily from his masochistic workout (continuing his push-ups one handed) and waves at the chesty Chelsea-ite. Henrietta waves back, making no attempt to cover her modesty.

*That naughty boy!*

However, two sets of kidnapped wheels pale into insignificance compared to the financial havoc about to be wreaked on the Eaton-Squires by that most feared of breeds, the South London Builder. It all started when Henrietta's old finishing school chum, Sophie Carter-Jones, went over the top on the jolly old Bolly during a protracted Sunday lunch for 12. Feeling frightfully frisky, she'd collared the ever-tumescent Bunny Lyle-Moncrieff in the kitchen and sneaked him up to Charles and Henrietta's attic for a frenzied knee-trembler – it being too dusty and dirty to squeeze between the joists.

Meanwhile, one floor down, Good Old Bunty Forshaw was squatting astride the bathroom toilet bowl, perusing the *Sunday Times Business News* while voiding his system of the previous night's chicken vindaloo – when a large section of the old lath-and-plaster ceiling caved in on him. When the dust finally cleared, a deeply-shocked Bunty looked heavenwards to see the pantie-less lower half of Ms Carter-Jones dangling from the gaping hole, clinging to Bunny Lyle-Moncrieff's wedding tackle for Dear Life.

"Hmph! Seen it all now!" muttered Bunty, trousers around his ankles, as he took in the finer details of Sophie's pudenda and creamy-white buttocks, dusting himself down with the toilet brush.

"Hang on there, old gal! I'll just pop downstairs for G and Ts and we'll have you down in no time. Ice and lemon?"

Naturally, the builders are appalled at the state of the Eaton-Squire attic. And the house in general.

## Shifty-Eyed

"Dry rot, wet rot, new this, replacement that, underpin the whole bleedin' lot and slap a new roof on 'er, and we've GOT to be talkin' 30 Gs. Plus an extra two grand for the scaffolding. Plus materials. Plus The Dreaded."

Charles reaches instinctively for the Hennessy XO to steady himself, pours himself a belt, and passes two cans of warm Courage Light to the builder and his shifty-eyed mate. They head upstairs.

"And for pie and mash, nudge-nudge?" asks Charles.

"You what, guv?" asks the builder, bemused.

"Oh, come on!" insists Charles. "You chaps and I speaky da same lingo, nest pah? Men of the world, been around, seen a few things . . ."

The builder furrows his eyebrows while his mate retreats two paces, strongly suspecting a homosexual advance.

"Cash, man!" says Charles rummaging in the old grandfather clock for another bottle of Hennessy and two lead crystal balloons, filling them to the very brim with the fiery fluid. How-

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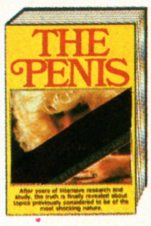


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# HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA

ever, unbeknown to Charles, there is something more powerfully inducive to the builder to drop his price – more powerful than any promise of cash, or endless buckets of fine cognac. Clumsily (or could it be with studied deliberation?), Our Lady Of Wandsworth has left her bedroom door ajar. Looking over her husband's shoulder, the builder's attention is rivetted by her antics, which, intentionally or not, are reflected in a large, gilt-framed Rococo wall mirror.

Henrietta Eaton-Squire is having her afternoon wank.

"Fifteen grand, and that's the lowest I can go wivvout cutting me own froat," says the builder, a tent-like formation appearing in the bulge of his overalls (Henrietta has produced a vibrator from under her pillow).

"I say, old chap, are you feeling all right?" asks Charles, the builder going glassy-eyed and starting to sway gently from side to side (Henrietta having spread her legs and positioned her slender ankles alongside her delicate ears).

## Figure-hugging

"Right as rine," says the builder, downing his cognac in one gulp and shaking his head in disbelief at Henrietta's XXX-rated antics. "I'm lookin' forward to getting stuck right into your little job, as it 'appens."

Three days later, Charles and Henrietta's Edwardian semi is festooned with scaffolding and the builders are rubbing their hands at having so effortlessly parted Charles from a £6000 advance.

"Cor, this is the bleedin' life!" they chortle, sitting in the ruins of the attic, poring over the *Sun* and the *Sporting Life* and smoking roll-ups. But they reckon without the devious, insatiable lady of the house, listening at the door, poised for the kill in black silk stockings, black rubber bootees and a tight, figure-hugging black PVC raincoat scarcely long enough to conceal her exquisitely-turned bottom. It is raining, after all.

"Gawdstruth!"

Our kinkily-attired sexpot kicks the door open and strides into the attic. She looks devastating.

"I think it's time we all had a chat," says Henrietta, ducking to avoid a newly-instated RSJ. "Gosh, I say! Look at this leak!"

Standing between the builder and his mate, Henrietta reaches to touch the damp roof, her PVC coat riding so high as to reveal her unknickered pussy and wondrously tight little arse.

"You say my husband has given you an advance of six thou?" asks Henrietta, as the builders fidget nervously.

"That's right, missus," says the builder. "The other nine on completion."

**Henrietta unbuttons her slinky PVC coat and lets it fall to the floor, revealing her gorgeous body . . .**

"Completion?" queries the lady of the building site. "I frankly doubt whether you two are capable of completing a fuck with Raquel Welch! Anyway, I think your quote is excessive, no matter how good a job you make of me – I mean, of the house . . ."

Henrietta unbuttons her slinky PVC coat and lets it fall to the floor, revealing her gorgeous body, totally naked but for seamed stockings and black lace suspender belt.

"Now! What say you give me back three grand and agree to finish the job for another five?" she suggests. "I say! Is that a rat hopping around in your trousers or a nervous tick?"

## Animal Instincts

"That's all very well, Mrs E-S," says the builder, eyes glued to Henrietta's fluffed-up bush of golden pubic curls. "But that's our profit out the window. Much as we'd like to meet your terms, I'm afraid . . ."

"Kiss it, you gorgeous man!" says Henrietta, brazenness fired by a couple of stiff gins in the kitchen beforehand, striding across to where he sits and thrusting her scented pussy at his face. "Do with me what you will – your devilishly handsome apprentice, too! Just give me my three-grand shopping voucher, sign this penalty clause, and I'm yours for the rest of the day!"

Unable to contain his animal instincts another second, the builder fights off his protesting partner, reaches in his tool-kit, tremulously counts out £3000 in fifties and tucks the roll in Henrietta's suspender belt, at which Milady whoops girlishly, tears open the numbskull's overalls, and squats on his big, hard cock. Ah, every lady enjoys a bit of rough every now and then!

"The most expensive fuck of my life!" moans the builder, succumbing to Henrietta's rabbit-like bobbing up and down, and then, looking over at his hapless mate:

"Well don't just sit there, Albert, my son – it's pay day!"

The weasel-like youth leaps to his feet, drops his jeans, puts his arms around Mrs Eaton-Squire, and cups her stiff-nippled breasts. Determined more than ever to impress them both with her highly un-Sloane whorehouse antics, Henrietta turns around, grabs the youth's 3⅔" lolly stick, and swallows.

As the three-way thrash gains momentum, the builder crawls out from beneath Madame's bouncing bum and, positioning himself behind her, proceeds to roger her with renewed vigour. Then, still firmly implanted in her luscious posterior, he gets to his feet and proceeds to walk Henrietta around the attic as though she were a human wheelbarrow.

"Mind that Acrow jack, Danny" shouts his mate, breaking into a sweat.

"I said mind that bleedin' Acrow!" he screams, as his guvnor stumbles, becomes dislodged from La Eaton-Squire, and crashes sidelong against it, sending half a ton of pressed steel RSJ crashing on to the water cistern, followed by the collapse of the major portion of the roof, the mighty chimney stacks keeling over and crashing on to the pavement, three floors below.

Henrietta extricates herself from the shattered timber, sodden plaster and twisted metal, somewhat miffed at being so cruelly cheated of her climax. An unfamiliar, rain-coated figure emerges from the rubble beside her.

"Mrs Eaton-Squire? Mr Wimpole, your local building inspector, at your service. Oh! I see the cowboys are back."

The builder and his mate are the next to surface, bruised and severely shaken.

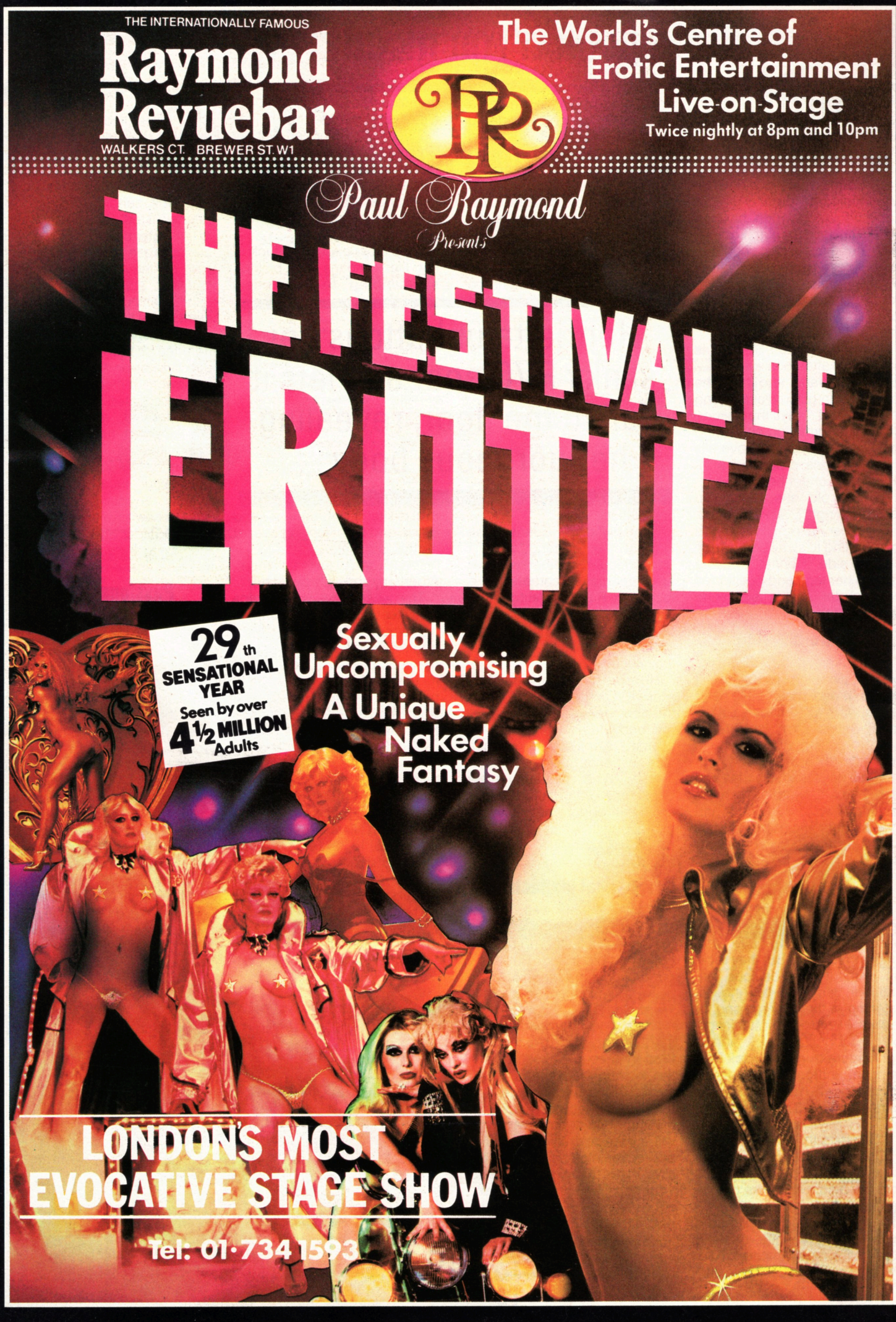
## Passionate Love

"Here! Keep your bleedin' money! All of it!" says the builder, handing Henrietta the balance of the £6000, blinking in the sunlight and covering himself in response to the jeers from the crowd gathered in the street below. "You're mad – all of yer!"

"I'll make you a nice cup of tea, Mr Wampum," says Henrietta, leading the bemused council official downstairs, to what remains of her kitchen. There, on a pile of car wheels in the middle of the floor, young Winston is making passionate love to Sophie Carter-Jones.

"I think we'd better make that G and T," says Henrietta, starting to tremble. "Ice and lemon, everyone?"

*After you with the sheath, 'Arry*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# JUDY

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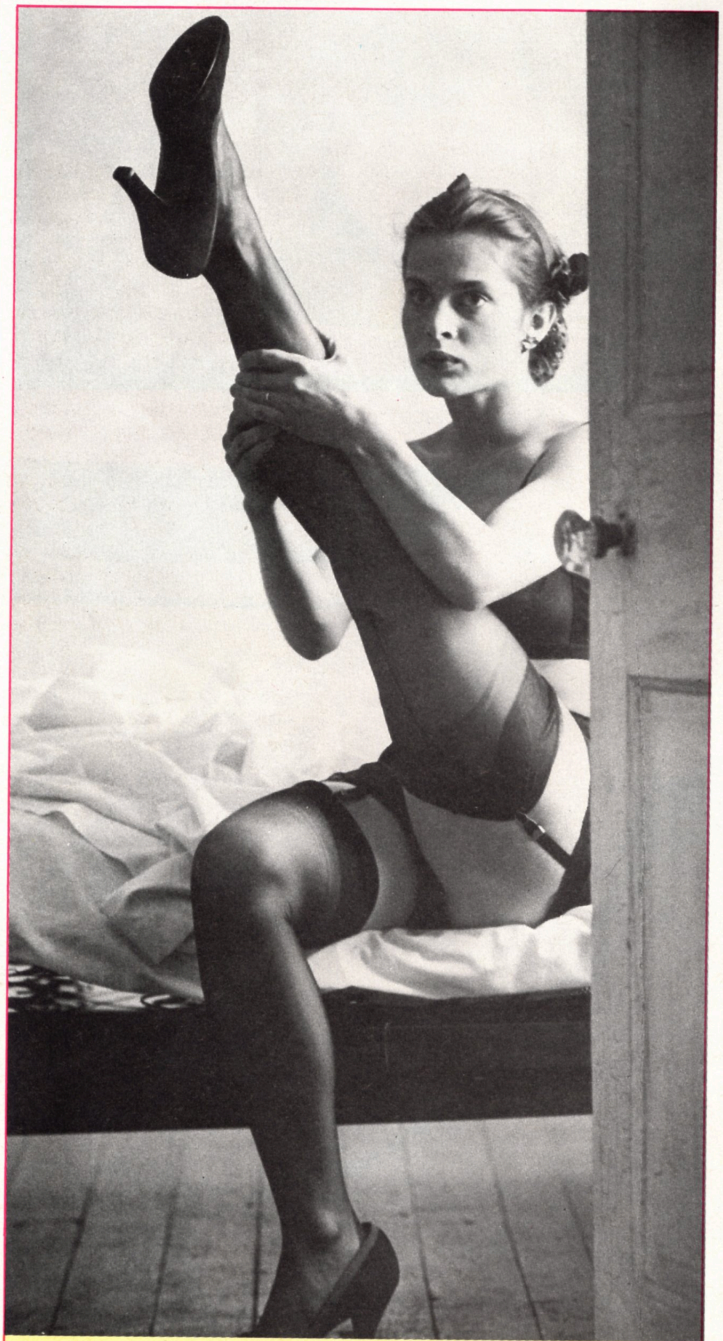
H O L L Y W O

# BED, BOOK AN

**It goes without saying that JIMMY DOYLE is in a good mood this month, due to the return of MAISIE. It wasn't such good news for us, because she invariably distracts him while he should be working. Luckily, though, James knows what side his bread's polyunsaturated-fatted on, and he turned in some ace reviews. See for yourself . . .**

By the merest sliver of coincidence, I collided with Maisie darting out of a shopping precinct. She was wearing a pair of Balenciaga sunglasses and plenty of lip gloss. In one hand she was clutching a bright orange bag. Altogether she was exhibiting the sort of flushed intensity often to be seen on the faces of shoplifters or people who have only just evaded a pass.



*Nastassia Kinski, a sight for dry eyeballs and why Maria has lovers*

"What's in the bag?" I said, by way of greeting.

"Contraband, plus a few amorous props."

Matters of sex are never far from Maisie's mind. I asked her if she was avoiding me. She denied this hotly. I invited her back to my place. She accepted. Once in a while, things of this nature do go that smoothly.

Once inside the dispassionate hacienda where vital monthly decisions on literary and cinematic releases are made – namely my bedroom – I plunged into Susan Cheever's **Home Before Dark**, a very affectionate testimonial to her late father, John Cheever, who happens to be one of the finest writers of this century. Writers have lives, nonetheless, and this lonesome, alcoholic gentleman once commented upon his American contemporaries thus: "Donleavy, Mailer, Roth, Updike, some of the most important men we have are writing about cocks, cunts and arseholes while I describe the summer dawn." If I disliked everything else about the man and his works (and I don't; far, far from it), I would love him deeply for that remark. There is something to be extracted from each of these orifices, to be sure, and dwelling upon them can be very nice at times, but rising suns with a little morning ground mist get my whole attention.

"Don't you want to hear about my hectic love life?" asked Maisie, reading only part of my mind. "I've been a very busy girl."

"Later," I said, and meant it.

## Revelations

Cheever and his wife, Mary, grimly stuck to their marriage vows, something which Susan cannot fathom. "Maybe," she speculates, "it was habit that kept them together, maybe it was perversity, maybe it was love – a kind of love so different from what we mean by love these days that there should be another word." This is some portrait, given that it arrives on a scene where a lot of sons and daughters of celebrities are shrieking into print with indecent revelations of their dead begetters. Susan loved her father, who had a way of transforming pain into humour. Yet never, as an artist, did he damage the ear's innermost chamber where, as he puts it, "we hear the heavy noise of the dragon's tail moving over the dead leaves."

We read such books, I hope, to steal an edge on an intellect that's way ahead on points, polishing something fabulous so it refuses to shift from the memory, rather than for the inevitable misdemeanours, the awful fuck-ups we're all capable of but don't find it easy to forgive in others. Her version made it imperative for me to read the novels – **The Wapshot Chronicle/Scandal**, **Bullet Park**, **Falconer**, all the shorts and **Oh What A Paradise It Seems** – which I picked off one by one like evenly-spaced meals at precisely the right moments of hunger. Maisie did likewise. In fact, she went all quiet on me.

Cheever's last work, **Oh What A Paradise It Seems**, is the perfect specimen, of course. An old man wishes to save a skating pond from the polluters, and falls heavily for Renée, an impenetrable lady, very hot, very cool. This is a cue for notions on sexual spontaneity. "Without exception," thinks the old man, "women who were tardy for dinner engagements were unconsciously delayed in their erotic transports and women who were early for lunch or dinner would sometimes climax in the taxi on their way home." For confirmation of this, I glanced at Maisie.

## Perilous Topic

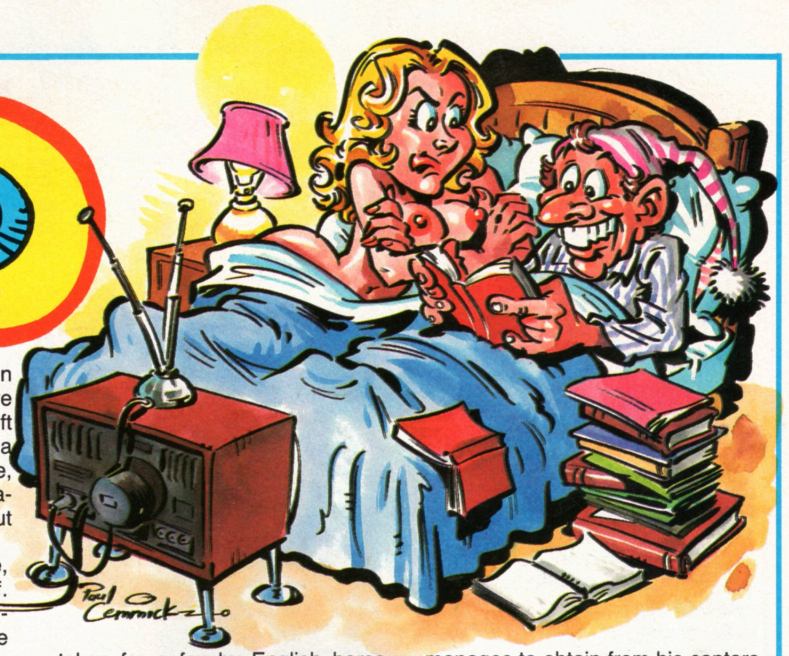
"It's like Renée says," she replied, "he doesn't understand the first thing about women. But if you're asking me if I ever came in a taxi, the answer is yes, several times."

Corgi, meanwhile, are rereleasing all of John Irving's previous titles (**Garp**, **The Hotel New Hampshire**, **The 158-Pound Marriage**, **The Water-Method Man** and **Setting Free The Bears**) to tie in with his latest, **The Cider House Rules**, on the perilous topic of abortion. Irving writes in that vein made popular in America by Joseph Heller and Kurt Vonnegut, where the narrative itself is conducted in such a way that it's possible to see how much tongue is in the cheek, and how much of that cheek is sauce, and how much flesh. It's made him so much money he doesn't have to wrestle or teach any more.

His hero here, Homer Wells, is typical of Irving's tenacious misfits, who somehow survive weirdness only to be toppled by something quite ordinary. His talent is that once he sees how a thing is done, he knows exactly how to do it. Meantime, however, life itself leaks out through a pin-prick hole in a rotten condom.

Neither Maisie nor I could go for David Harsent's **From An Inland Sea**, where passion between two faceless creatures becomes an icy

# VIDEO



killing-ground for the upper hand which is nevertheless always at crotch level, even though the sex isn't clicking.

"Why couldn't he give them names?" Maisie wanted to know.

"Because this isn't love or sex," I said, "it's analysis."

As the years pass, it gets worse. Like toast dipped into piping-hot soup. It might have been firm when it went in, but it was quite mushy and useless when it came out.

At this rate, I could see the weekend turning into a wake, so I reached for Joseph Orgel's **Undying Passion**. Now since the author believes sex is no longer a dirty word in literary biography, he's gone haywire, putting together as many anecdotes on the subject as will fit into a bulky paperback on which a masked cartoon female is clearly enjoying the ride on a swan's back. Take sperm, for instance. Ernest Hemingway, claims Orgel, always had to ease off making love when he was working hard, because the two things were run off the same motor. That explains Balzac's panic when he let fly one time and confessed wretchedly to a friend: "I lost a book this morning!"

Orgel's salacious gossip pantheon is fully furnished with famous men who broke out into a cold sweat over kisses, were ignorant of pubic hair, needed someone else to tie their shoelaces, pursued females for decades without a hope of consummation, turned homosexual, became impotent cuckolds or measured whores' bedrooms with an inch tape; and famous women who ran away with penniless sons of miners, wanted ham and cheese on rye after a beloved's funeral, said no then yes, yes then no, gave up prostitution to marry poets and endured many forms of sexual bleakness. Maisie fractured the spine on my copy in the space of an hour.

## Mischievous

Leaving her with the fragments of it, I started in on Joe Orton's only published novel, **Head To Toe**. During his short lifespan and prior to being unkindly battered to death by an enraged lover, Orton found it hard to contain his mischievous and anarchic imagination. Often he saw and wrote down comic sights which seem to defy even the suspension of disbelief. In **Head To Toe**, this lack of confinement is even more noticeable, given its landscape is actually the human body itself – eternally a source of fun and fascination for him. So, by enlarging it to a point where it is 100 miles high, and placing his petrified traveller on the scalp (a forest, naturally), Orton eases him south, chiefly to perceive an ugly conflict between the Left and Right Buttocks. Apart from a brilliant gender-bending episode, this is a pale Gulliver indeed. Dialogue, as usual, is strong, but narrative isn't.

That was that for literature, much to Maisie's relief. Reading so much was giving her bags under the eyes. Thus the real optic sorcery commenced with **Maria's Lovers**, a rather gentle coming-home-from-war story. John Savage returns to his small American town, welcomed by father (Robert Mitchum) and a blousy, giggle-happy sexpot called Mrs Winthrop sporting the sort of bust which always threatens any clothing foolish enough to try and restrain it. Her outfit practically explodes once the repatriated hero has her alone.

"I think that's the first time I've ever seen blouse buttons popping of their own accord," remarked Maisie, who requested a replay of the sensation.

## Dark Suspenders

All this is quite off the beam, though. Everything, including the title, centres around Maria. Maria is Nastassia Kinski. She is all Savage had dreamed about in the Japanese prison camp, and definitely the sort of girl worth burying a pair of earrings in the middle of a cornfield for, so's you can dig them up five years later and see them on her lobes. Trouble is, he loves her so much his body falls apart when she wants him inside her.

Kinski is edible, whatever she has on or off, but in dark suspenders and stockings she can water the most arid male eyeball. Halfway through, the womanizing drifter with guitar and bulldog notices that. His music generally makes the ladies hot. It puts salt in their peanuts, yet even to a sleazy vulture like him she is a class act, "squeaky-clean with no mileage".

There was more of her in Hugh Hudson's **Revolution**, a pretty muddled exercise concerning the American Independence struggle of 1776, where she is asked to play a liberty banshee rebelling against her prosperous New York background in order to hitch her wonderful wagon to the freedom fighters. It never really gets going, this one, passing through bloody milestones like Brooklyn Marshes, Valley Forge and Yorktown as if they were merely rumours in a history book with a lot of pages missing, and of secondary importance to the fact that Al Pacino loses his boat and is mistaken for a fox by English horsemen.

"What I want to know," said Maisie, "is where the Boston Tea Party fits into this."

"I had no idea you were a student of the past, Maisie."

"I'm a student of everything, Mister Doyle. But the idea of all that tea in the harbour appealed to me."

Between battles, Kinski and Pacino get to cuddle each other, but for really classic sparks in male and female combat, totally mad love, you have to lean back a couple of decades for William Wyler's **Wuthering Heights**, with Olivier as Heathcliff and Merle Oberon as Cathy, both crazed and staggering from a supernatural attachment to one another across the Yorkshire moors. I first had that story read aloud to me in a cold dormitory on the south coast, and it's been with me ever since. The sheets on my bed were resting on the bridge of my nose, until Maisie yanked them away. She'd been talking to me and I hadn't heard a word.

"When something this good's on," I tried to explain, "it's as if I'm alone."

"Yes, I've noticed that."

## Bizarre Drama

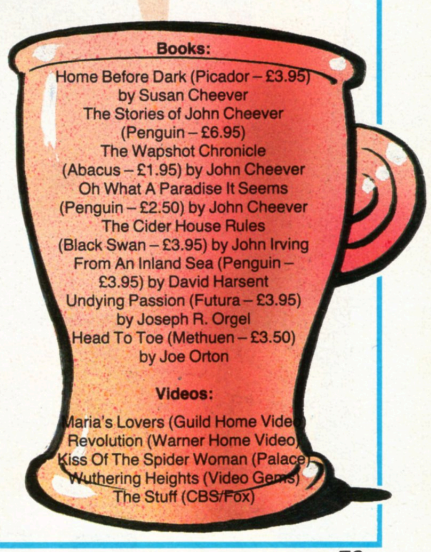
But I hardly did, because Heathcliff was shaking Cathy's corpse, demanding that she take any form to haunt him, not to leave him in this dark where he couldn't find her. I could feel the hairs on my forearms, but Maisie, I'm sorry to say, was nowhere to be seen.

There was still no sign of her while I ran **Kiss Of The Spider Woman**, a bizarre and rather compressed drama played out in a South American cell between two prisoners, one political and bearded, the other a blond gay window-dresser called Luis Molina (Oscar stuff from William Hurt), who fills the screen with the plots of old movies in which he always stars as the heroine of the piece. It is an obvious yet beautiful means of escape, a fact his snarling cellmate eventually falls for to evade further pain.

Prior to that, they argue and consume the exotic food Molina manages to obtain from his captors in exchange for the role of informer. "I don't explain my movies," he retorts to Valentin when the latter objects to handsome Nazi officers as a source of love interest, "it just ruins the emotions." It deserves a showing.

The very last thing on my list was the well-hyped horror spoof on a virulent, addictive but low in calories ice-cream surrogate billed as **The Stuff**. People can't get enough of the new taste, and soon all the current dessert manufacturers are worried sick about the slump in their sales. They employ an ex-FBI character to investigate and discredit. It's a witty number that takes the piss out of secret formulae, the Food and Drug Administration and the scary soak methods employed by advertisers to get their products across.

"Enough," tweets one husky sex siren, "is never enough. When I was a little girl, I thought I'd never like anything better than ice-cream." I laughed, but strictly to myself. Then I went on a lukewarm hunt for my viewing partner, but I knew she'd gone. There was a note scribbled in maroon lipstick on the bathroom mirror. Very simply it said PLAY WITH YOURSELF. I hung around there for a while. There didn't seem to be anything else to do.



**Books:**

Home Before Dark (Picador – £3.95) by Susan Cheever
The Stories of John Cheever (Penguin – £6.95)
The Wapshot Chronicle (Abacus – £1.95) by John Cheever
Oh What A Paradise It Seems (Penguin – £2.50) by John Cheever
The Cider House Rules (Black Swan – £3.95) by John Irving
From An Inland Sea (Penguin – £3.95) by David Harsent
Undying Passion (Futura – £3.95) by Joseph R. Orgel
Head To Toe (Methuen – £3.50) by Joe Orton

**Videos:**

Maria's Lovers (Guild Home Video)
Revolution (Warner Home Video)
Kiss Of The Spider Woman (Palace)
Wuthering Heights (Video Gems)
The Stuff (CBS/Fox)

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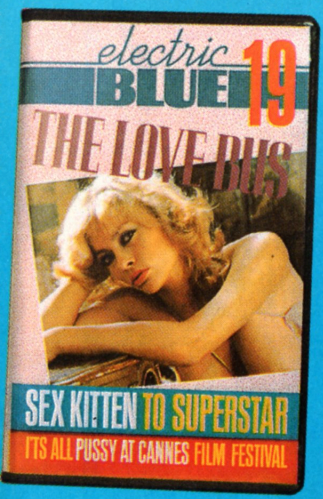


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8. EROTICA
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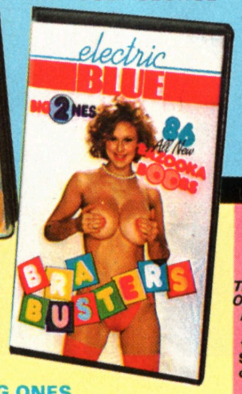
10. UGLY GEORGE

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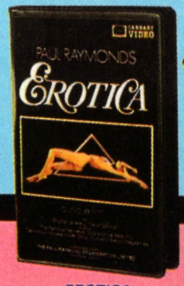


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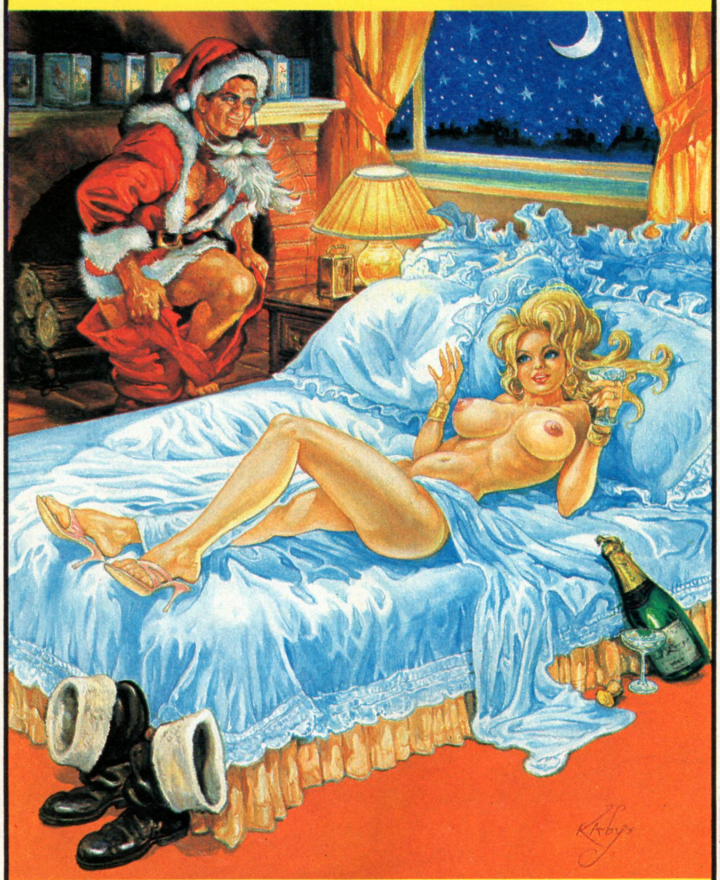

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# WOMEN'S Writes

Club's women readers reveal their indiscretions and get their sexy secrets off their chests.

## *It's Angie's quiet night behind the bar, and she has the opportunity to pull something other than just pints of beer . . .*

My name's Angie (no jokes please about *EastEnders*; I get it all the time) and I'm a barmaid in a pub in north London. I thought I'd write and tell you what happened to me last week.

Evening sessions are always quiet, and sometimes on Monday nights the manager leaves me to fend for myself as it's the slackest day of all. So, last Monday, I'm leaning up against the bar when a couple of guys walk in.

I'd never seen either of them before. They weren't locals – not that we have very many, as the pub's situated in the midst of shops and offices. I stopped polishing the glass I was holding and put on my brightest smile.

"What can I get you?" My eyes were riveted to the taller, dark-haired guy. He was fabulous, about 30-ish and dressed in tight, tight jeans.

He and his mate ordered a couple of pints of lager and I tried to keep up a cheery chat as I pulled the pints, all the while keeping my eyes on *him*.

"That'll be two pounds exactly." As I took their money I asked if they lived in the area. "It's just that I've never seen you in here before," I explained.

"We've only just started working in the area," the gorgeous guy told me. "I'm Jeff. This is Tony."

So I concentrated all my attention on Jeff, and when they came to buy another round I was offered a drink, too. It must've been obvious to Tony that I only had eyes for his mate, because he wandered over to the one-armed bandit and left us both to it.

We didn't get any other customers in that evening, which was okay by me because Jeff and I were getting on like a house on fire. He kept buying me vodkas and I was starting to get giggly by nine o'clock.

"Angie," Jeff leaned across the bar and whispered in my ear, "do me a favour . . ." I went all trembly at the knees wondering what he was going to say next. "I've always wanted to go into a pub's cellar to look around. Can you take me down to yours?"

Well, it wasn't what I'd been expecting, but there were possibilities. "Okay, but do you think Tony could keep an eye on the bar for me?" Poor old Tony; he'd been playing gooseberry all evening and now he was roped in to mind the pub while the two of us disappeared downstairs. It didn't need much imagination to conjure up what we were going to get up to!

### Skimpy Top

The pub's cellars are enormous, draughty old rooms. I turned on the lights, but it still looked dark and gloomy – kind of spooky. I only had on a skimpy top and cotton skirt and began to shiver, which gave Jeff just the opportunity he needed to embrace me tightly.

"Got to keep you warm, haven't we?" he muttered as his hands came around my waist and shoulders and pulled me tightly against him. His mouth came down firmly on mine and his probing tongue delved deep into my mouth. I snuggled closer to him, rubbing my crotch against his torso. I could feel his cock grow harder.

His mouth descended to my neck and then he was pulling my thin knitted top over my head and his hands began massaging my breasts. My own hands reached for his flies to undo his zip. His jeans were so tight that his penis practically popped out into my welcoming hand.

I began stroking it with one hand, using the other to start unbuttoning his shirt. There wasn't a single hair on his chest. He had dark, smooth skin. "Why don't we get comfy?" I murmured to Jeff. And I quickly threw off my clothes to join the pile on the floor Jeff had made with his.

### Great Body

Naked, he looked magnificent. "Angie, what a great body you've got," he muttered, in between taking bites of my bare flesh. His mouth descended to my cunt, which I'd shaved bare of all pubic hair because it made the sensation of oral sex more tantalizing.

Jeff had a day's stubble growth on his chin, and as his tongue probed my pussy, it scratched my pubic area and sent spasms through me. My cunt felt lubricated and I wanted Jeff to insert his massive organ into me – now!

My hands reached for his stiff weapon, and as I quickly guided it into my throbbing vagina a delicious pain shot through me as he plunged deeper and deeper. Jeff picked me up and I wrapped my legs tightly around his waist. He propped my weight against one of the beer kegs and began banging me, faster and faster, in and out.

It didn't take long for me to come, because he'd been arousing me since we were upstairs at the bar. I'd already felt my knickers go wet when

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# WOMEN'S Writes

he'd asked to see the cellar.

I held back my scream as Jeff worked even faster, grinding harder into my wet, wet cunt. Then he stiffened all over, let out a muffled cry into my breasts and I felt warm sperm shooting inside me and trickling down my thighs.

### Crying Out

Even though I'd just come, my body was still crying out for more of Jeff. I wanted to arouse his manhood again so's I could feel his erection inside me once more. Without more ado, I kneeled before him and enveloped his glans inside my mouth. Traces of his sticky love cream were still clinging to his knob, so I began licking his penis in circular movements, letting my tongue linger every so often.

It didn't take long for Jeff's penis to come alive again. Slowly I saw it hardening and becoming erect. My mouth continued to caress his knob and my fingers began gently kneading his balls.

This second time, I made the most of his manhood. When I lowered myself down and his hard-on penetrated, we set up a slow, pulsating rhythm, rolling over on to the cellar floor.

As he pumped himself into me, I felt spasm after spasm choking back any words. Then once again, we were grinding together furiously until, with one last gasp, I screamed the house down!

We hurriedly dressed and made it back to the bar . . . only to find Tony standing exactly where we'd left him with not a customer in sight.

Not a word was said but I caught the loud wink Jeff gave his mate. Not that it mattered, because I was now beginning to find Tony very attractive, too.

The guys told me they'd be back the following Monday and I replied: "I'll be ready, waiting and *very* willing to see you both." A threesome would certainly brighten up the dull Monday-night stints at the pub.

So I'm standing here now, waiting for my two prize studs to join me. And if Tony's cock is half as big as Jeff's, then I'm going to have a great time!

*Angie, London N1*

## *Soaked to the skin in a tropical downpour, Moira throws caution to the rain in this tale which will really wet your appetite . . .*

As there have been a number of letters and photographs over the last few months on the subject of screwing in showers and when wet generally, I thought I would write and tell you about an amazing experience of mine when I was on holiday in Florida.

When it rains there, boy, it really rains. None of your British drizzle, but an honest-to-goodness solid tropical downpour. In just such a one, my boyfriend and I got caught.

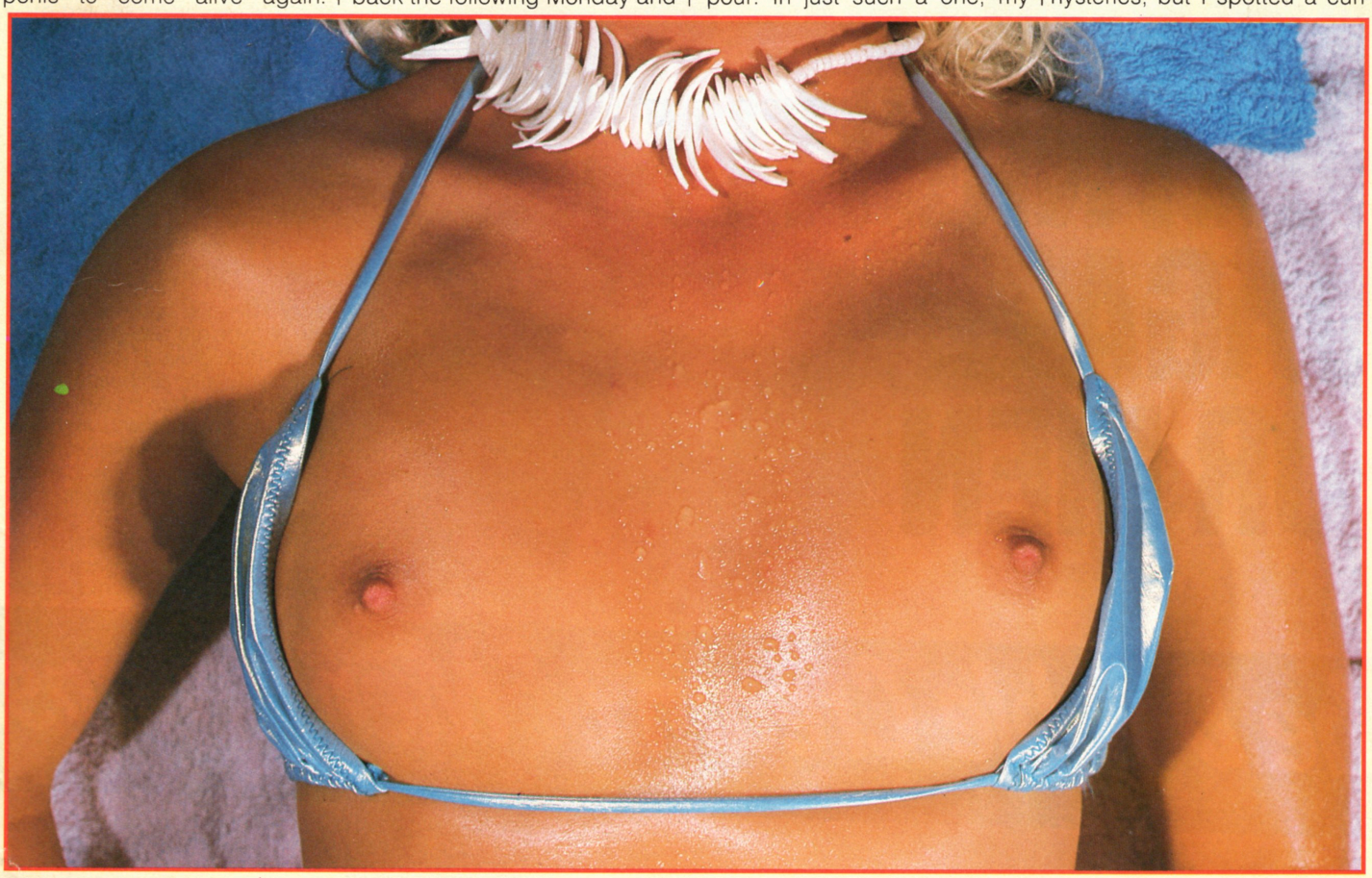
We had been so busy map-reading and window shopping, we hadn't noticed the black clouds billowing up behind the palm trees, and were caught completely unawares, halfway back across a stretch of parkland to where we'd parked our car.

Within seconds, we were drenched to the skin. His white cotton shirt was plastered to him and rendered so transparent that I could see his nipples and chest hairs quite clearly. Even better, his white jeans had moulded themselves to his cock so perfectly, I could make out the rim around his circumcised tip.

### Sensation

As for me, I started to feel this strange tight sensation over my body and when I glanced down, I saw in horror that the nice striped dress I'd bought specially for my holiday was actually shrinking on me. The buttons were straining, and the hemline, which had been below knee-level, was now mid-calf, and still going up. Fifty seconds later, my knickers were on display to the world and there was nothing for it but to take the stupid thing off.

I was now in the middle of an American park, drenched to the bone, my long hair plastered to my face and back, wearing nothing but a white lace bra and matching lace-trimmed briefs. Don, my guy, was in hysterics, but I spotted a curi-



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# WOMEN'S Writes

ous thing; his jeans were now clinging to a full erection.

Once I'd got used to the feeling of being almost naked and standing beneath the biggest showerhead in the universe, I started to find it very erotic. My nipples were tingling and hard, and the water streaming down between my legs was turning me on.

Nobody else was in sight – just us two drowned lunatics – and Don looked sexier in his clinging clothes than I'd ever seen him. I wanted him to fuck me, right there and then, even though we were in the middle of an open field with mud underfoot and no cover for miles.

I went towards him and ran my hand down the hard ridge inside the dripping cotton. "You might as well take them off," I suggested. "We can't get back in the car like this, anyway," and I assisted him in the hard task of removing jeans which were glued to every inch of his legs.

Then we were standing there, he in his soaked, see-through shirt and briefs, and me in my sopping wet underwear, while the rain batted down and sluiced over us. I felt totally abandoned . . . and to hell with morals, even if we got thrown out of the country.

## Downpour

Don's erection was so big, it was poking out the top of his underpants. I pulled them down and released his glistening pink shaft while he cupped his hand round my drenched minge.

I kicked off my briefs and opened my thighs wide. Don bent at the knees – we had nothing to lean against – and introduced his straining knob to my soaking slit. My pubes were clinging in tendrils to my body and at first it was difficult for him to enter me, as my natural sex juices had been washed away by the downpour. So he placed his hand between my legs and deftly held open my labia. He poked his index finger inside me and stirred it around, encouraging fresh sex juices to flow.

Once I'd got good and slippery, he pulled me on to his straining shaft and we began a long, slow fuck, standing upright – me with one leg hooked around his waist while he supported my hip with his arm. The rain was still pelting down, whipping my skin to a tingling, erotic nerve centre. My nipples were the biggest I'd ever seen them (about three-quarters of an inch of hard brownness with the areolae standing out, and as I have hairs around my nipples, they were standing on end and bristling).

My bum crack was like a river, with rain pouring down it and streaming between my thighs as I leaned backwards, my mouth open in a silent, blissful scream as Don lunged in and out of me with his long, hard cock. My thighs squeezed on him, my bum muscles tightened and I grabbed his nipples and pinched them hard through the wringing wet white cotton of his shirt. This urged him on to fuck me even faster, pumping in and out, his large balls swinging and banging my fanny.

"I'm gonna come," he warned, through gritted teeth, his face clenched, his cock twitching and butting inside me.

I redoubled my efforts, squirming and sliding up and down his wet, slippery knob, feeling a gathering heaviness in the base of my stomach as my own orgasm built up, ready for release.

"*Now*!" he shouted hoarsely, and jammed hard up against my womb. I felt the violent spasms in the base of his prick as it released gouts of thick, white spunk into my shuddering tunnel.

We walked to our car hand in hand, in our underwear, my thighs running with raindrops and spunk drops, laughing at our audacity. When we reached the car he was getting hard again, that lively cock of his twitching in his underpants. I pulled it out inside the car, as we sat dripping on to the leather seats, and gave him a long, slow, luxurious sucking until his hot semen spurted into my throat and I drank down every drop. Then he gave me good cunnilingus, licking me out, tasting his own come and drinking a cocktail of spunk and lady's love juice.

Fortunately, Don had a long jacket in the car, which I pulled round me to run back into our hotel. We had a hot shower, and the pounding needles of water reminded us of the rainstorm and got us both going again. This time, I gave him a tit fuck between my large, soft 36 Ds and he gave my breasts and tummy the best shower of the day – of hot, white, fresh, ozone-smelling come.

*Moira, Belfast*

# club Chance would be a fine thing!

Tracy is one of those girls who, at 20, knows exactly what she wants to do, even if she appreciates her goal might take some reaching.

"I'm very much a lady of leisure," she tells us, "and I like doing things properly or not at all. So it's my ambition to travel the world with a multi-millionaire – preferably under 30, and with big brown eyes.

"That means a lot of hard work for my current boyfriend, who's a train cleaner with BR. He'll need an eye transplant, too . . ."

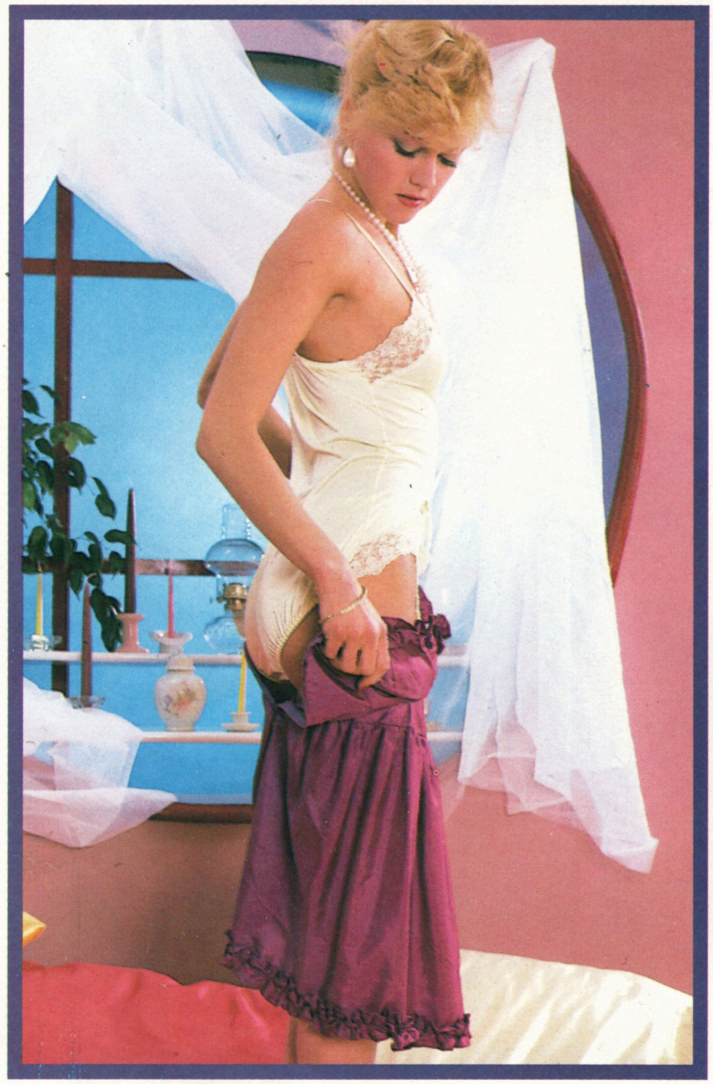
A sharp sense of humour is just one of the things which stand out about this watersports fanatic from Manchester, who wouldn't mind a number as a water-skiing instructor to keep her going until Mr Jetset comes along and whisks her away. Oh, and yes – she wouldn't mind having the cover of *Vogue* all to herself, either. Not too far-fetched, that one, we're sure you'll agree.

But does she appreciate having eight pages of one of the biggest men's magazines (*What do you mean "one of"? – Ed.*) all to herself?

"Oh, definitely. And you can take it for granted I gave it my very best shot: this was one opportunity I didn't want to mess up. I'll invite everyone at Club to come and stay at my Mediterranean villa . . . when I get one."

So this job *does* have its perks after all.

*Photographs by Paul Diamond*



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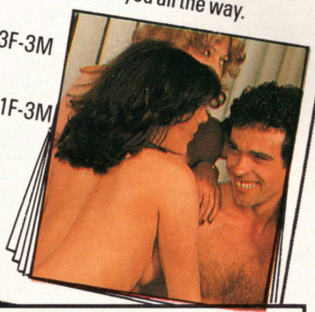

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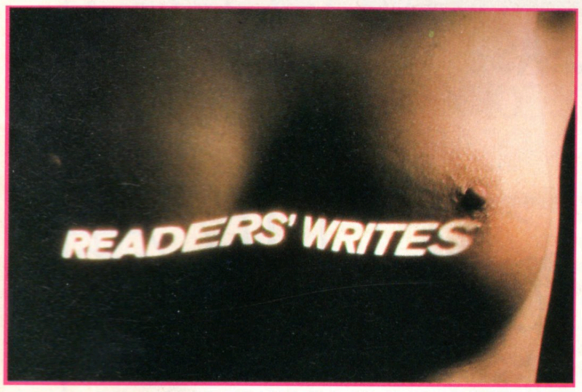



*continued from page 7*

blame me for any linguistic mistakes: Dutch is a lot easier for me.

*Arthur, Netherlands*

*Speak for yourself, Arthur – Ed.*

## Horny Hide

After seeing *Readers' Writes* in Vol 15 No 9, I have to agree with Alan of Barnstaple, who wants his girlfriend to wear her leather jacket when he fucks her. Leather is indeed such a turn-on, as I discovered a few years ago with my then girlfriend, Anne.

Although she was married, we had plenty of opportunities to enjoy ourselves: her husband worked quite a lot of nights, and I would go round to "comfort" her. For some years I had been into leather, rubber, PVC – jockstraps, posing pouches, briefs, etc – and had persuaded Anne to wear some leather G-strings I had bought for her.

Seeing this delectable woman in just a tiny black, white or red G-string really got me going, and I couldn't wait to pull it off to thrust my hard cock up into her welcoming pussy. Anne also loved the feel of the supple leather against her naked flesh, and she took to wearing a leather bra, panties, suspender belt, thigh boots, jackets, basque. Mmmm – how delicious she looked in kinky leather! I would always give her a good, hard screw when she looked like this.

I haven't seen Anne since our sex sessions, but I still miss her and would dearly love to have her again . . . and again . . . and again . . .

*Andrew, Hull*

## Top Ten Corner

1 Mandy Smith (Bill Wyman's ex-friend)
2 Madonna (singer)
3 Anneka Rice (TV presenter)
4 Nastassia Kinski (actress)
5 Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones (very rich)
6 The blonde on the No 22 bus from Putney (knockout)
7 Linzi Drew
8 Rosanna Arquette (actress)
9 Donna Summer (singer)
10 Clio Goldsmith (actress)

*Chris, London SW6*

## It So Happens . . .

I was very impressed by your pictures of Victoria in Vol 15 No 9; they are lovely, elegant and reveal her all very sweetly without being crude. Her maidenly looks and dear little titties give hope to those of us ladies who unfortunately aren't busty glamourpusses!

I must ask you not to reveal my address – my poor husband doesn't know I look at "naughty" magazines (I see Club at my friend's house).

He also doesn't know that, occasionally when I "happen" to go round to my friend's to give her my catalogue money, she's out, and her husband "happens" to be home early. And perhaps I "happen" not to have bothered to put a bra or panties on just to drive around the corner, and he sometimes gets carried away. Result: Penelope quite naked on the settee, having her completely unprotected little treasure kissed, licked, rubbed and caressed in the most mercilessly blissful way – he's the *only* man I know who can do it right – and, finally . . . ooh! Ecstasy!

All I can say is – how Sally can walk after five years of marriage to him, I just do not know . . .

*Penny, address withheld*

## Digging In

I had been in my new digs just three days when I noticed, while watching TV one night, a dull glow coming from a picture hanging on the wall. On further investigation, I was amazed to find the picture concealed a peephole, looking through to the bathroom. I could clearly see my landlady, Lucy, standing in the bath playing with her tits and pussy. Lucy, by the way, is a widow, aged only 30.

Peeping is not my idea of fun. So, at supper, I told her about the peephole, and she laughed. "I know it's there, John – I put it there. My room is the other side of the bathroom, and there's one there, too. I saw a lovely, big cock when you bathed earlier."

I finished up in bed with Lucy that night. She was a wonderful fuck – really hot and juicy. When she came, it was like a village pump.

In the morning, she asked me to paper up the holes and replace the tiles in the bathroom while she moved my things into her room. Unbeknown to me, Lucy wasn't on the Pill and soon became pregnant. She was absolutely delighted, and I became joint owner of a guest house.

*Tanya can go Dutch any time for Arthur*

When Lucy got a very big belly, she employed a maid, Joanne, who was a young married woman of 22. Lucy told me Joanne's husband had been involved in a car crash, and couldn't do the business with her.

As she was a friend of Joanne's, Lucy asked me to service her while she had our baby. Joanne was a randy little bitch who wanted it three times a day, so I was kept busy for two months while Lucy had the baby. I was relieved when Joanne's husband was fit to resume his marital duties – two randy women was proving a bit much.

Soon afterwards, a little parcel arrived for me from Joanne. Enclosed was a gold watch and a note, which said: "Thanks, John – I'm really going to miss your big cock. Any time I'm at home and Jim's at work, just come round. Try to make it regularly . . ."

I didn't get much time for Joanne, as Lucy was randier than ever. About a year later, Lucy became pregnant again and Joanne came back. Jokingly, I asked her if her husband had maybe had another accident. She said: "No, John, but his cock doesn't feel right after yours. When Lucy told me she was pregnant again, It was me who *asked* to come back. And I'm feeling as horny as ever."

So, at the time of writing, I'm back to two again. And people at work are always asking me why I look so tired all the time . . .

*John, Southampton*

## T-shirt Treat

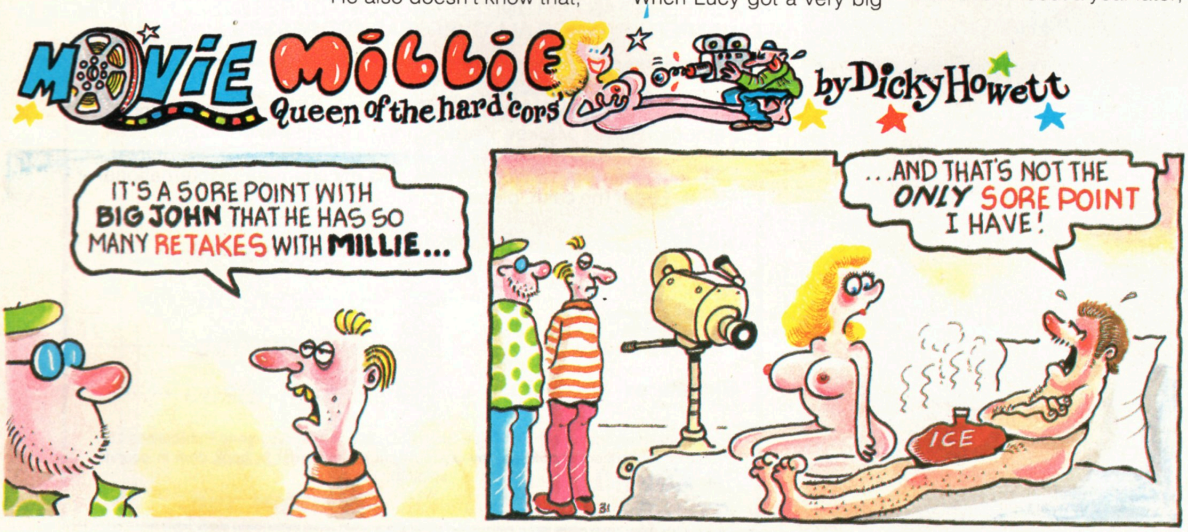
You really hit the jackpot with those wet T-shirt girls in Vol 15 No 10. I'm sure you'll receive a bumper mail from men, saying how they've wanked their pricks sore over these sexy goddesses, especially that blonde one with the pouting lips.

I buy several men's magazines every month, but never in all the years I've been buying them has anything as sexy as this come along. It would be great to see you featuring wet T-shirt pictures more often. Why not arrange a competition among your girl readers?

Another thing that gets me going is watching girls performing, like scantily-clad disco dancers and the like: the sensuous movements of legs, tits and bums always has me wanking.

For the moment, though, my wanking activities are restricted to your T-shirt girls. I concentrate most on the stunning, sexy blonde, followed by the girl who actually won that night. I'm sure my ecstasy shall carry on unabated for some time yet – my thanks to you for that!

*GL, London W3*



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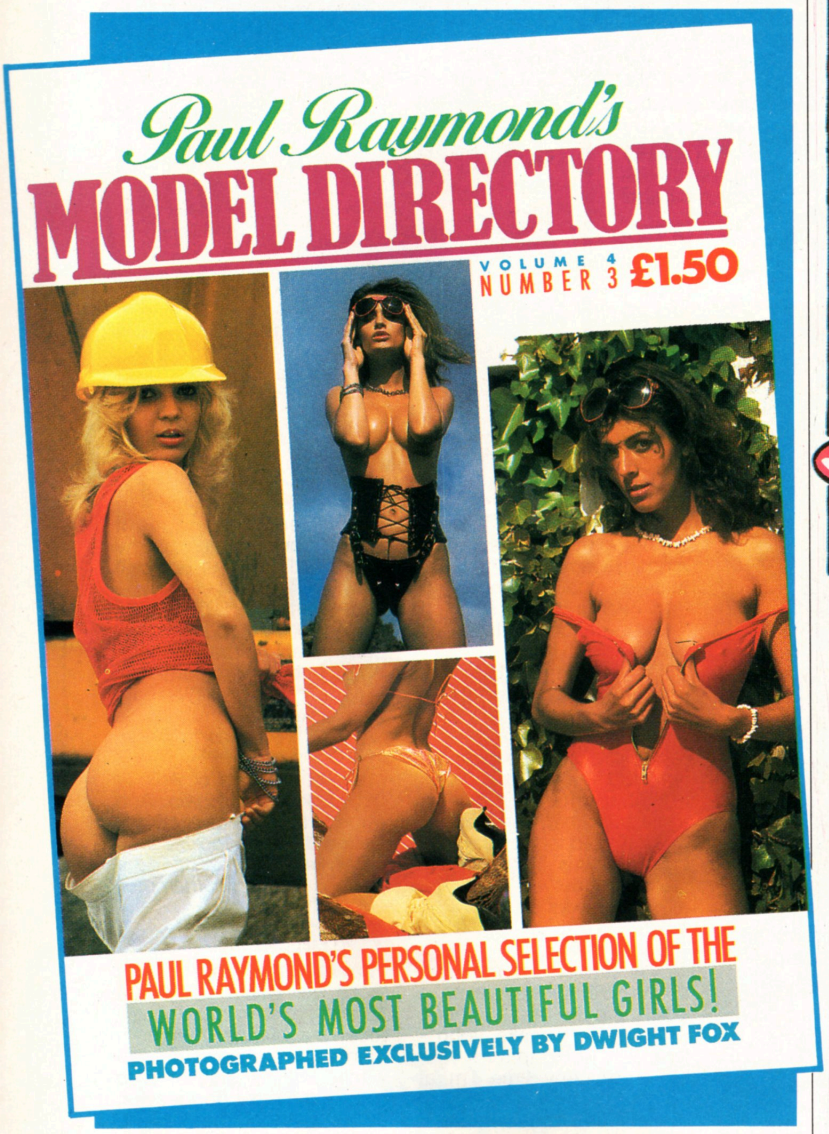


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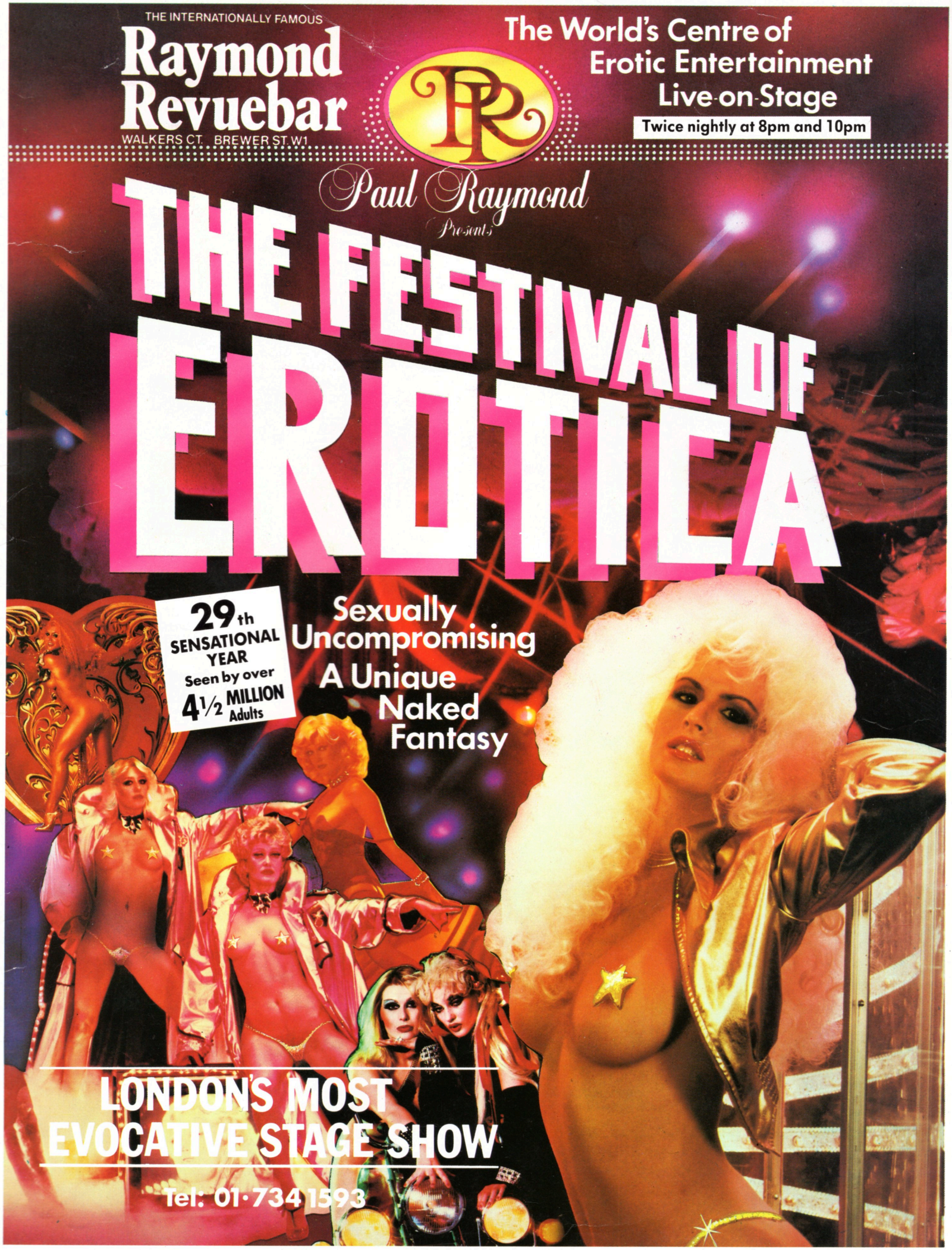
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